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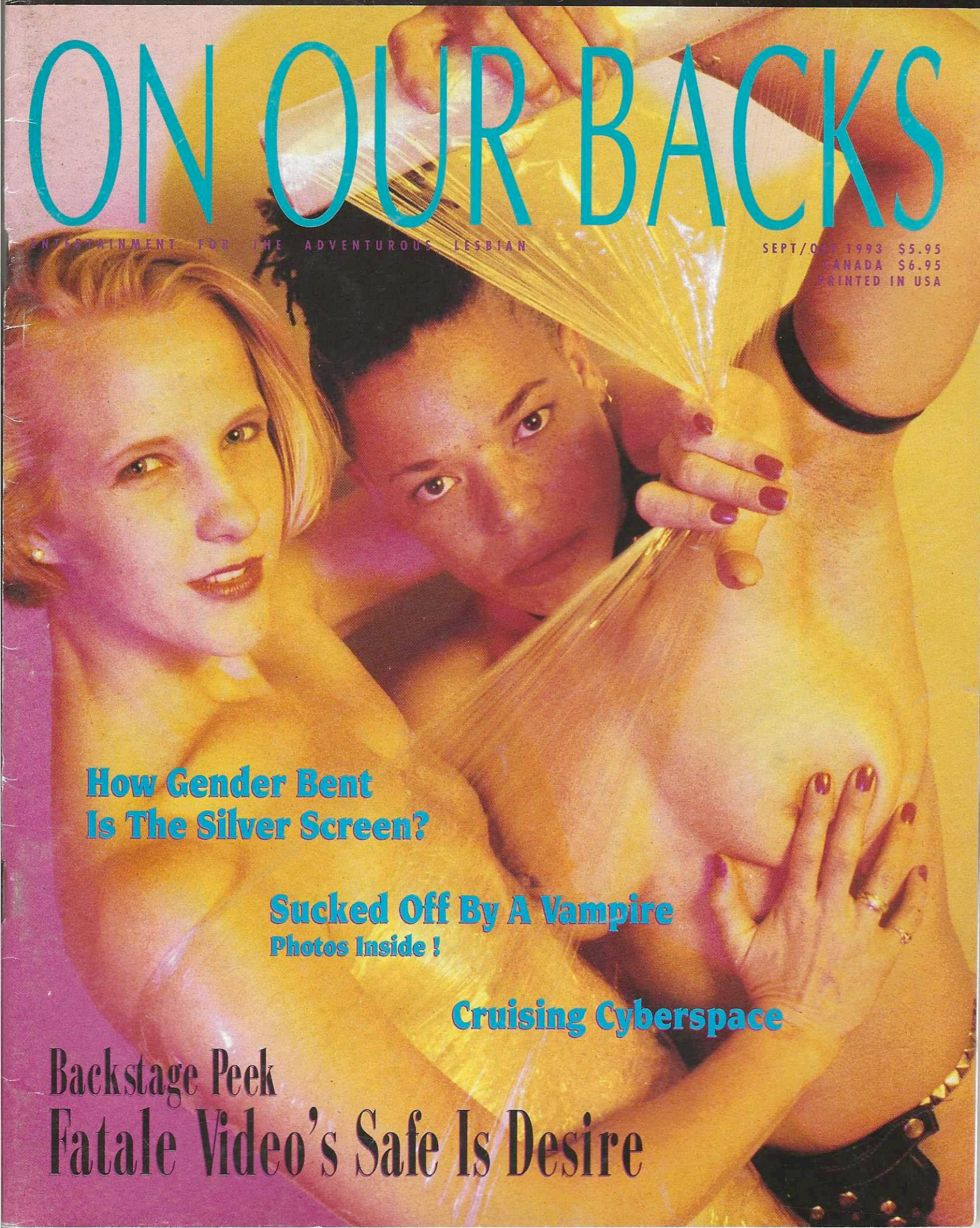

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Photos Inside !

Cruising Cyberspace

Backstage Peek
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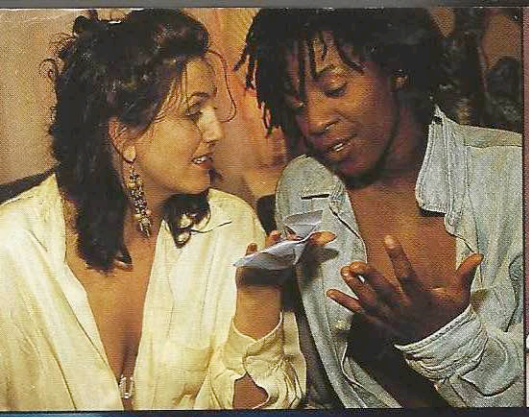

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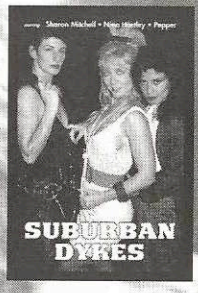
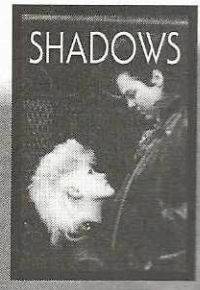


SUBURBAN DYKES Pepper and Nina Hartley star as a suburban couple who discover the fun of using sexual services and add some playfulness to their sex life. First they call a phone sex service and masturbate to a scintillating fantasy by Mistress Marlayna and learn something new about each other's desire. Pleased and excited with the success from that adventure, they hire a butch from a lesbian escort service. Enter Sharon Mitchell who will make dyke hearts palpitate as she takes control of satisfying both women in a raw threesome orgy. **$34.95**

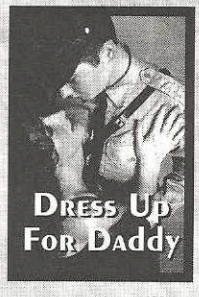
HUNGRY HEARTS Pepper and Reeva star as a newly-in-love couple who escape to an ocean beach retreat for a weekend of blissful sex and love. Reeva, a voluptuous blonde goddess, seduces her sensual Latina lover with a sultry erotic dance. Pepper, overcome with deep love and desire, orchestrates a beautiful and unusual bondage scene in the Japanese hot tub. A day of ardent loving culminates in a passionate scene by the fireplace. Reeva straps on her dildo and harness and gives Pepper a taste of her own fire. **$34.95**

PRIVATE PLEASURES Few couples are as knock-out drop-dead gorgeous as handsome, brunette Torri and blonde, femme bombshell Courage. Even fewer couples know each other so completely, desire each other so thoroughly and are so sexually comfortable. In a ritzy penthouse apartment they dress up for each other's pleasure, then pop the champagne, lick off the whipped cream and end up down on the floor in a fucking scene that will astonish you. **$34.95**



SHADOWS Torri and Courage appear again as a lesbian couple who let us in on their leather scene. After a motorcycle ride, femme Courage leads butch Torri down to a basement resplendent in restraining paraphernalia. Hours of sucking, fucking, whipping, riding, and performing end in a blow out orgasm in a sling. **$34.95**

CLIPS Greta stars in the first of three vignettes in a computer-enhanced version of self-love indulgence. The second vignette features safe sex play and bondage with scarves between a free-spirited couple. In the last vignette, Fanny Fatale gets the attention of her Wall Street reading yuppie butch spouse, played by Kenni Mann, when she masturbates in front of the TV to a screaming G-spot ejaculation. Kenni finally puts her beer down and lets her dyke-cock out for a wild rise. **$34.95**

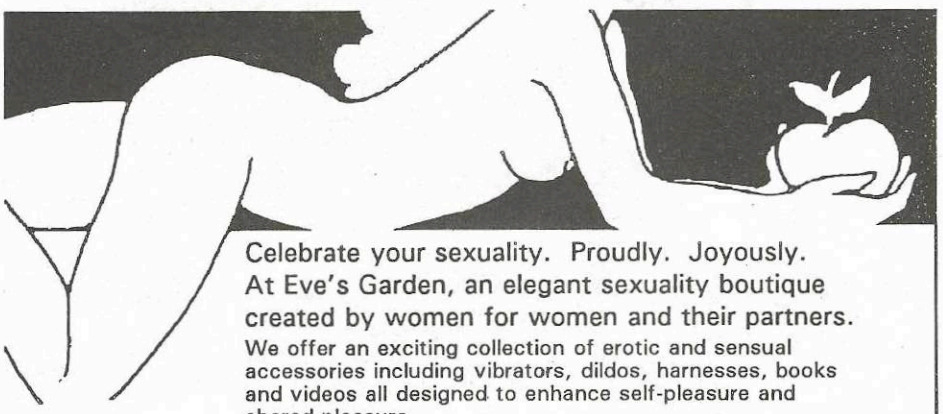


DRESS UP FOR DADDY These real-life lesbian lovers enact the forbidden "Daddy" fantasy. They use dress up and role play to express their sexual feelings for each other. The action is realistic, romantic, and bursting with sexual energy. This video captures two truly gifted sexual beings enjoying what comes so naturally to them. Their luscious sensuality will leave you dripping. **$29.95**

BATHROOM SLUTS features a group of five lesbians who engage in group sex, bondage, shaving, various forms of penetration and a rare glimpse of a dominant butch getting off without giving up her control. They play hard and safe. In an interview at the end, the women discuss their motives and feelings about doing the video. **$29.95**

BarLEZk Live! The first and longest running women-only striptease show in the country! Every week for three years at a lesbian bar in San Francisco, over 100 erotic performance artists danced into the hearts and clits of more than 20,000 women. *Fatale* has captured some of the exciting moments from this memorable event, live on two video cassettes; **BarLEZk Live!** and **BarLEZk Live 2**. **$24.95**

BarLEZk Live 2 More exciting moments live from the lesbian striptease show, BarLEZk. Tiger performs traditional burlesque while campy Stella sings to her dildo and Fanny Fatale does a safe sex dance. Pepper and Reeva from *Hungry Hearrts* do their love act and Shelly Mars performs as Martin, an act which landed her a part in the German cult classic, *The Virgin Machine*. **$24.95**



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ON OUR BACKS

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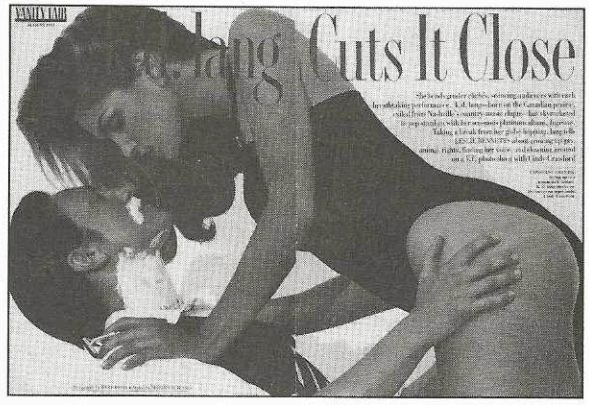

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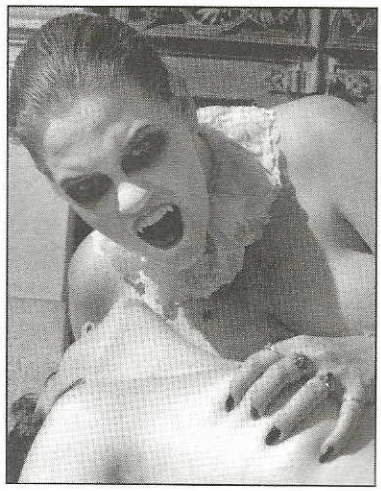
Photographer: Phyllis Cristopher
Make-up: Stephanie Rosenbaum
Stylist: Shar
Leather: Courtesy of
Worn Out West, San Francisco



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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Heather Findlay

I am very excited to introduce myself to you as the new editor of On Our Backs. *I am a writer, a lesbian and an* AIDS *activist, and I recently returned to San Francisco from New York where I got my Ph.D. in English from Cornell. In 1986 I coedited* Positions, *a single-issue feminist pornographic magazine, and I've been published widely on topics ranging from sodomy in Shakespeare to lesbian dildo use. As a longtime supporter of* On Our Backs, *I feel like my new position here is a dream come true.*

I have all kinds of exciting plans for the future, the first of which is to make the magazine more "queer": On Our Backs *will always be an erotic magazine by and about lesbians, but in the future we'll have more representations of other sexual minorities like sex workers, transgender folk, bisexual women, etc.* On Our Backs *will also strengthen its reputation for controversy by publishing material that both pleases and provokes, including special issues on what's hot in lesbian sexual culture (our first special issue will be in March on lesbians, sex and motherhood, so get your turkey basters ready). Most importantly,* On Our Backs *will be as sizzling as ever, with fiction covering a wider variety of erotic scenarios and cultural contexts, and lots of high-quality photography of the sexiest dykes we can get our hands on.*

On Our Backs *has seen a lot of staff changes this summer: our previous editor Marcy Sheiner, who enhanced the national reputation of our feature stories and interviews and spearheaded the "Censorship Update" column, has left to pursue her freelance writing career. Assistant editor Shar Rednour, whose impeccable taste left its mark on nearly every aspect of* On Our Backs, *will be continuing her career in parties and videos. As I write, Diane Anderson, former editor of New Orleans' lesbian and gay weekly and self described "Native American/Chicana lipstick lesbian" (when we read that on her resume we just had to have her), is speeding westward to fill Shar's shoes. Design wiz Bonnie Simon (look out for her mug in our next issue!) is psyched to succeed our art director Robin Simmons, who spent four years kicking* On Our Backs' *butt into desktop publishing hi-tech shape. Finally, be sure to see our beloved ex-circulation manager Andrea M. Coble on tour with Pussy Tourette as one of Pussy's burly-girl roadies.*

I want to be available to all of On Our Backs' *cherished readers and contributors, so please feel free to call or write. If you are a writer, a photographer or a cartoonist, I'd love to talk to you about your work; as for you, dear reader, it's always important to me to know what it is that you love—and hate, too!—about our magazine.*

Heather Findlay
Editor

P.S. *Stay tuned for Lea Delaria and some shocking British kink in our next issue!*

CONTRIBUTORS

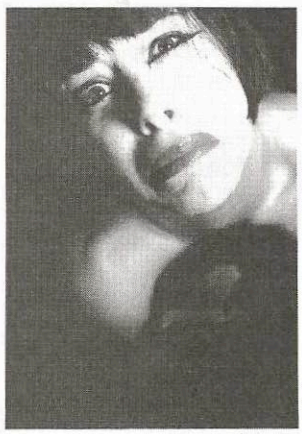
Laura Federico is a frelance writer who lives in San Francisco and does various squalid day jobs to support her madcap lifestyle. Her first book of collected short fiction, *Owning Our Desire*, will soon debut.

Victoria Stagg Elliott is a writer and gay male porno reviewer based in Chicago and a proud member of Generation X and the Poverty Jet Set.

Karen Carnival is a transplanted city dyke who left the queer playground of San Francisco in search of cuntry pleasures. She's also a frequent flyer—airport limo, anyone?

Annie Sprinkle...Shar grovels at her guru's feet for inadvertently not printing Annie's bio in the last issue. Annie Sprinkle will be in San Francisco to teach her Sluts and Goddesses three-day intensive workshop together with Hwala. Sexually adventurous women are invited to enjoy the secrets of Sacred Sluttism, Yoni massage, energy orgasms and a sensuous tantric ritual. October 8-10; call 415-995-4643 for more information.

Amy Marquez is working on shooting more women of color, interested in modeling? She also just got fucked with her very first pink latex glove.



Zannah Noe

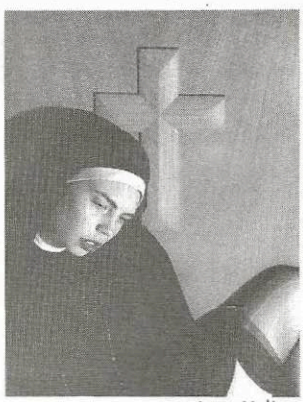
Zannah Noe is a local freelance photographer. She studied at Hampshire college under Carrie Mae Weems and Jerome Ziebling. Currently working on a book of photographs of necrophiliacs called *Where dead men go...* To be published by M. Read, friends of photography.

Mimi=Freed is a qweirdo who thinks k.d. lang is too.

Catherine Saalfield

Catherine Saalfield gets a safe tatttoo from Alistair Fate. She can't say there isn't pleasure in pain.

Inna Valin is eagerly awaiting the Pope's arrival in Denver and is trying to convince Mother Theresa to model. She's also waiting at her PO Box 18247134 Denver, Co, 80218 for love letters, religious items and orders for prints.



Inna Valin

Cover Models Jessi and Janet found each other three years ago and started doing performance art eroticizing safer sex. They are original members of the Peer Safer Sex Slut Team and got married last August.

VIRGINITY OUCH!

I have nothing against sado-masochists, so if you want to have your hymen painfully torn and bleeding, that's ok with me. But, to my knowledge, it's not necessary because you can use dildos or similar objects in graduated sizes to stretch the hymen painlessly. This is probably better than having the hymen cut surgically, since a female gynecologist told me that women who have had that procedure say that it makes penetration painful.

We need to stop using the term "virginity" in a sexual context. The concepts of "virgins" and "non-virgins" have such ugly, divisive stereotypes that go along with them. Since "virgin" originally meant "a woman not owned by a man" I think all women are virgins in that sense, regardless of sexual preference or sexual activities.

Adele Hunt
Memphis, TN

WHITE MIDDLE CLASS RIGHTS, NOW!

Hold the phone a minute! Who is Judith Halberstam and why is she reviewing films for you? I'll admit that I haven't seen Claire of the Moon *yet and probably won't until it comes out on video because I live in the foothills of the Ozark Mountains. But I've read the book, I've seen the "Moments" video, and I don't see all this dreadful "issue of...identity politics" Ms. Halberstam is so concerned about. If she wants dildos, butch-femme, and dripping sex she can go see a porno flick. This is a love story for crying out loud! And by the way, what's the matter with the movie being "white and middle class"? I happen to be white and middle class and I like white middle class lesbian love stories. If Ms. Halberstam wants a film depicting lesbians as dirt poor, unwashed ethnically mixed, with "desire and violence between women" as in the "far superior* Basic Instinct," *she can produce her own film. I won't go see it but she and her friend with the ice pick can have a ball!*

As I see it this film gives us what's the best yet. Okay, so it's urban, up-scale, and vanilla, and therefore not for everyone. But maybe Nicole Conn will make another, even better film. I could look forward to that a lot!

Sunny Hinshaw
Lowell, AR

PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

...AND VANILLA RIGHTS, TOO!

It was with a great deal of anger that I read your recent savaging of Nicole Conn's film Claire of the Moon. *I have absolutely no quarrel with your reviewer not liking the film. Many dykes didn't. If your reviewer did not like the film because it was too "vanilla" for her, fine. (But) one of the desires expressed over and over again in your publication is the need for lesbians to accept the expression of love in all of its various physical forms. Seems to me it is time for you to put your money where your mouth is. Not all dykes came out with a fist up their cunts. Many of us came out much as Claire did: with a lot of fear, confusion and ultimately an awakening about our sexuality.*

I enjoy expressing my love for women in various forms from "vanilla" to S/M. I feel it is time for lesbians to get over being politically correct about lesbian sexual expression. It seems to me until you can extend to others what you are requesting for yourselves you have a long lonely road to travel.

Unsigned
Denver, CO

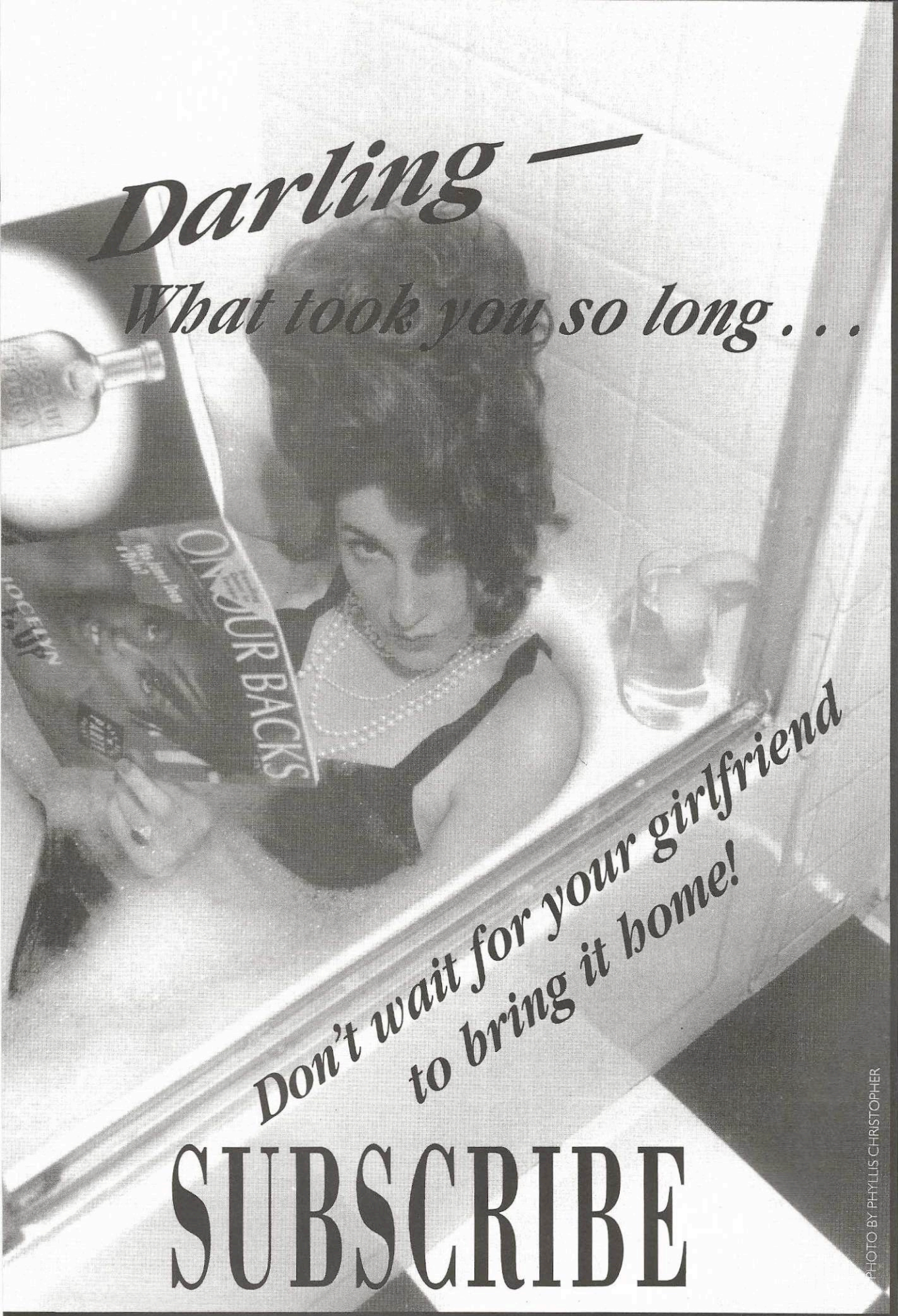
MORE HOWLING AT (CLAIRE OF) THE MOON

*[Judith Halberstam] complains that there's "no sex" in [*Claire of the Moon*] because there are "no dildos, no butch-femme roles, no fist fucking," and that the movie is "behind the times" sexually. [But] vanilla sex is physical sensuality/touching without mental images or fantasies, and it is what most people begin with. Some remain content with it. I went to see Claire twice because it is culturally affirming for me in a way that virtually no other films are.*

Thyme S. Seigel
Kensington, CA

HALBERSTAM RESPONDS:

I did not fault Claire of the Moon *for only portraying vanilla sex, nor is my dislike for the film equivalent to the suppression of sexual freedom. Let me just clarify my objections: given the kinds of debates that we have witnessed in lesbian and gay communities about "positive" and "negative" images of ourselves, I felt that it was time to insist that we examine exactly what we mean by these terms. If* Basic Instinct *was a negative depiction of lesbians because it showed us as murderers, then for many folks* Claire *was positive because it depicted two dykes getting it on. But calling this film "positive" or "affirmative" actually masks the fact that, first, the film is bady made, badly written and horribly acted; and second, it simply remakes every other mainstream film about lesbianism from* Lianna *to* Desert Hearts. *Most importantly,* Claire *fails to represent the diversity of lesbian communities, or to capture what makes lesbian sex queer, that is, different from mainstream heterosexual America. The reader from Arkansas (who admits that she has not seen* Claire, *but who feels nevertheless that "this film gives us what's best yet") asks, "what's the matter with white and middle-class?" If I point out the suspicious and anxious link she makes between "dirt poor, unwashed" (!) and "ethnically mixed," you will know exactly what I think is wrong with white middle-class films: all too often they mirror the racist and classist biases of the audience they appeal to.*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Devouring Hammer & Dawn Wan

I just finished devouring the new issue I received as a gift, and was overjoyed to see the interview with Barbara Hammer. I am attracted to older women, and am getting fed up with the images with which society and, surprisingly, the lesbian community, inundate us. Older women have so much to offer us: their wisdom, experience...and they are so hot! I am very interested in seeing Barbara Hammer's films and ready to "experience" and not just watch a movie for once.

In general I was pleased to see more coverage of women of different ages and backgrounds. Dawn Wan is to die for. Not all of us are 18-24, white, with pierced lips and tattoes on our breasts and behinds. Keep up the good work!

Dee Dee DeCorte
Grand Ledge, Mi

Waking Up to Barbara Hammer

I'd like to thank you for the interview with Barbara Hammer. I found it to be awakening, enlightening, and interesting. It will add to my growth as a human being, a woman and as a lesbian. I look forward to seeing my first Barbara Hammer film in the near future. I think she is a remarkable woman, and I also think that our world could use a lot more like her!

Josee Giroux
Montreal, Canada

Keep your laws off Nina!

Greetings from Nebraska! For many years I have loved and admired Nina Hartley, and I am dismayed to learn of the ridiculous charges leveled at Nina and her fellows (can I say that?) in Las Vegas [see Censorship Update M/J 93]. Thanks to OOB, once again I see an attempt to interfere with people's lives by law enforcement officers whose personal agenda extends beyond the reasonable bounds of the law. I offer my encouragement to keep doing the excellent work you and the staff have done, particularly in the Censorship Update section; I will continue to be a loyal subscriber so long as you do.

G. Matteson
Norfolk, NE

Correction: In our July/August issue, the Newsnote entitled "Don't Be Holey" was misattributed to Stephanie Rosenbaum. Sorry Girlfriend!

Older women have so much to offer us: their wisdom, experience... and they are so hot!

Disneyland for Homophobes

The letter below was enclosed with a—rather paranoid—advertisement for the Arizona Womyn's Festival, with "womyn born womyn only" and the warnings "not to divulge the location or directions to non-lesbians," and "DO NOT ASK THE TOWNSPEOPLE WHERE THE FESTIVAL IS" underlined. *—Ed*

Greetings from Arizona—a homophobe's Disneyland! Thought I'd pass along this little tidbit so you can see that it's really OK to be different in Arizona, as long as one isn't too different. Also, note the level of hiding that goes on here. Truly sad. Those of us accustomed to the freedom of the California lifestyle tend to take our relative liberty for granted. I think it's important for us to remember our sisters who continue to suffer the bondage of small-mindedness.

The saddest part, however, is the unavailability of OOB. I'm about to dry up and blow away without my OOB fix. I recently moved to this litterbox due to poor economic conditions in the San Francisco north bay area, and hoped to rely on OOB to alleviate my terminal homesickness. Guess I'll just have to subscribe when I get a job.

Scorpio Black
Arizona

Gaga Over Non-monogamy

I was really happy to see the non-manogamy issue raised in the "Ask Fanny" section of your magazine. It may just be that I don't have the money to keep up on all the latest publications but I've never seen the topic touched on in any other lesbian magazines.

I am hardly an expert in the field but I do feel that I have a few hard learned lessons to share with others. The biggest obstacles are the stereotypes the word "non-monogamy" conjures up. For example, because I'm non-monogamous does not mean that I always have someone to go home with or that I sleep with anyone who's interested. What it does mean is a ton of discussion with each new romantic interest. I have to make sure each person understands they can't change me, and that it isn't a matter of not having found "the right person" yet. Then I have to weed out those who see me as a great one-night stand or as someone to be with until they find "the real thing."

On the positive side, there is the wonderful feeling of having a loved one come back to you, still loving you after an encounter with someone else. It's wonderful to lie in each other's arms and honestly talk about others you also love, knowing that it does not affect your relationship and that, in fact, the support and understanding makes your love stronger.

It has been close to three years of non-monogamy for me and (though it's much easier now) jealousy is always a battle. Communication is the only thing that helps get you past it. It is important in every relationship but much more so in a non-monogamous one. If you aren't ready to be open, vulnerable and communicative, you aren't ready for non-monogamy. If you are ready for true freedom of expression, a lot of hard work and inner re-evaluation, non-monogamy has the potential to be a very worthwhile lifestyle.

Jenny Rome
Los Angeles, CA

Dildo and Harness How-To

In July/August's "Ask Fanny," a young woman wrote in with her fears about using a dildo and harness. Fanny's answer was right on the mark. As a young lesbian, I also had such fears. It was not until I was 32 years old that I enjoyed the pleasures of another female strapping on a dildo and harness and fucking me. How about an article with photos on various types of harnesses and dildos, their care and maintenance, and ways to use them with your partner?

April Powers
Baton Rouge, LA

Great idea, April! We'll work on it. —Ed

We welcome your comments. Please send letters to Letters Editor, On Our Backs. 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114. Every letter must be accompanied by the sender's name and address. Letters may be shortened or edited for clarity.

ASK FANNY

DEAR FANNY: I'm in a monogamous relationship. We love each other and enjoy spending time together, but don't have sex very often. Three years ago, I would approach her when I needed to feel close and wanted sex, but she would get offended and I would get my feelings hurt. So, I quit approaching her and would wait for her to come to me. The problem is waiting for her. Three or four weeks may go by before she makes love to me.

At first, I tried to be understanding. My lover was abused as a child and didn't allow herself to become close to anyone to protect herself from further harm. Then, a long term relationship that ended hurt her badly. So, she has a hard time trusting.

I've talked to her about our sex problem several times. She feels bad and wants to do better, but it's been twenty days now since she made love to me. I've made love to her twice during that time. She approached me, but didn't return the favor.

I was in a seven year relationship before in which we only had sex every four to six weeks, as she didn't care much about sex either. I've been a lesbian for over twenty years and can't understand what's going on here. I want to share a closeness with my lover, be touched, caressed, and feel free to make love to her, too. I'm at my wits end. What can I do? I don't want to be with anyone else.

-Lonely

DEAR LONELY: **I urge you both to get serious counseling—her as a survivor of child abuse and you for co-dependent behaviors. She is hiding anger and denial beneath her sexual lethargy, and you are acting as her willing doormat. And then you service her when she's in the mood! Indeed!**

Stop this self-destructive behavior now. Just say No! No, I will not be in a sex starved relationship. No, I will not do all the initiating, nor will I wait in futility for your advances. No, I will not make love to you if desire is not reciprocal.

Along with your therapy, try discussing your sexual fantasies. Therein lies your fuel for ingniting passion, and I'll bet my career you two have plenty of passion smoldering. Perhaps you can turn your dependency and her coldness on its head and eroticize it. If she wants you to beg for sex, how about doing it with your hands bound and your legs spread? Or, if she wants to ignore your desire, try sucking her off with a butt plug in your ass and something to rub your clit against. She can pretend she didn't know you had a screaming orgasm.

Once you let the fire rage, the caresses and kisses will follow. So will insight into your behavior and relationship that will augment your therapy. Good luck.

TURN YOUR DEPENDENCY ON ITS' HEAD AND EROTICIZE IT.

DEAR FANNY: Help! I'm afraid that I'm caught in the straight-girl look-alike zone. Yes, I'm queer as a three dollar bill, but I can't get women to look at me! I drive down the freeway with my pink triangle sticker only to be stared at by men!

In San Francisco, I've actually been stared out of gay establishments. One club owner gently directed me out of her bar and towards the straight clubs. Perhaps they think I'm not serious about homosexuality if I'm not wearing a leather jacket. Why are lesbians so quick to reject other women?

Please try to persuade your readers to look at all women as possible homosexuals. For once and for all, there is no Gay Look! I want these city girls to know what they are missing out on. Tell them to give "straight-faced" people a chance at being gay.

-Shut Out in the City

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

DEAR SHUT OUT: **You sound like a wild and crazy gal from the 'burbs, ready for fun in the big city with a good looking city sapphic type. There's lots of dykes ready to meet you, don't you worry. They see that pink triangle. It's just that your drivin' too fast for their mopeds to keep up!**

Citi-town dykes like to give the newcomers a hard time, especially if you're a suburban girl. Consider it an initiation rite. Think of getting kicked out of a bar as a good sign. Next time, wear what you were wearing, only do it up, drag-style, even more. Then, when they try to kick you out, bust a glass across the bar. That will get the attention of the honey-pie your cruisin' for.

Fanny loves to hear from you! Send your question to : Ask Fanny, 526 Castro Street San Francisco, CA 94114

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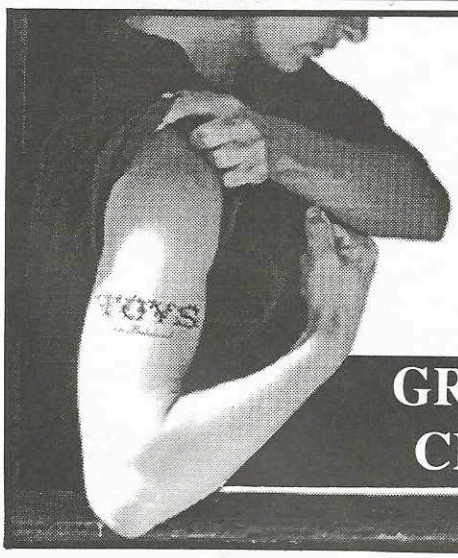

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TRANSGENDERISM
— COMING TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU!

The year of the queer is also the year of transgendered film. Just as we were recovering from the not-so-hidden penis in ***The Crying Game***, Sally Potter screened another version of gender versatility in her new film *Orlando*. Adapted from Virginia Woolf's novel, Potter's *Orlando* is the story of a person who lives through the several centuries and at least two genders. Potter paints gorgeous cinematic back drops for her hero(ine) for all seasons; from the frozen English winter to an arid Turkish desert, Orlando flits through history and across geographies like a genderbending time traveller.

But how queer is Potter's *Orlando*? When we are not being seduced by the visual opulence of Potter's scenery, we suddenly notice that Tilda Swinton's cross-dressing androgyny has distinctly unqueer limits. As a male Orlando, Swinton performs an oddly androgynous character who can be read comfortably as a "boy" but less comfortably as a "man." Still, this presents interesting possibilities for a love scene between Orlando and Sasha, a Russian Princess. The androgyny of Orlando means that we cannot forget that we are looking at a woman in drag and therefore the affair between Orlando and Natasha has serious lesbian overtones. This makes sense also if you recall that Woolf wrote the novel *Orlando* for her lover Vita Sackville-West who often wore male drag.

But Potter completely refuses to capitalize on the queer sexuality invoked by this love affair and she refuses to screen the lesbian sex scene that the romance demands. Potter, in fact, saves the film's sex scene for a rather conventional encounter between a female Orlando and an all-too-male young American called Sherlmerdine (played vacuously by Billy Zane). Each section of the film is introduced by titles like "Death," "Politics," "Love," etc.; Potter only adds insult to injury when she places the encounter with Shelmerdine under the heading of "Sex."

There is one queer encounter in the film, however, and it occurs between Queen Elizabeth I played magnificently by Quentin Crisp and the male Orlando. Queer Elizabeth tells Orlando that he is her favorite and invites him to her boudoir. In this totally perverse bedroom scene, the Queen makes Orlando get into bed with her and then forces his head down into her voluminous gown. When we remember that both characters are in drag, the scene has incredible sexual tension. What do gay men and lesbians do in bed with each other? Alas, the question is raised but not answered here.

While Tilda Swinton plays Orlando as an enigmatic androgyne, androgyny is not the most convincing way of doing male drag. At this year's San Francisco Lesbian and Gay Film Festival, there were several other very queer performances of male drag that paid much higher dividends than Swinton's wan androgyny. At least two of these films bend gender beyond all recognition. For these films, genderbending is a thing of queer beauty rather than a tame reconciliation between maleness and femaleness.

Vera, a Brazilian film by Sergio Toledo (released in 1986 and now a film festival favorite) addresses the touchy but timely issue of transsexual desire and and suggests that the protagonist's desire to love women as a man is a desire that cannot simply be resolved by acknowledging her lesbianism. Vera Bauer is a young woman who grows up in a girls' orphanage. In this environment, the girls quickly become either butch or femme and they play out complicated gender rituals that the screws are constantly trying to disrupt. When Vera leaves the prison, she maintains her butch identity. Indeed, she changes her name to Bauer (her surname) and begins to dress in drag and successfully (if temporarily) becomes a man. Vera Bauer, then, is a young woman who literally refuses to be female. She wraps her breasts and dresses in a man's suit and she tells her guardian that she has the wrong body.

In a relationship that develops between Bauer and another woman, Bauer's lesbianism promises to solve her gender dysphoria.

Sasha (Charlotte Valandrey, left) and Orlando (Tilda Swinton, right) in ORLANDO, a film by Sally Potter A Sony Pictures Classics Realease.

However, in a crucial scene between Bauer and her lover, Bauer discovers that she can no more be a woman for a woman than she could be a woman for a man. In a poignant sex scene between Bauer and Clara, Clara lies naked on the bed and asks Bauer also to remove her clothes because it is "not fair" unless they both disrobe. Bauer slowly removes her clothes in front of a mirror. The camera focuses upon the mirror as if to suggest that in the act of disrobing, Bauer's identity splinters. Clara coaxes Bauer to continue until Bauer sits in front of the mirror in an undershirt, not vulnerable now but totally lost in the image that confronts her. As Clara tries to touch her breasts, Bauer panics, grabs her clothes and runs from the room.

> POTTER COMPLETELY REFUSES TO CAPITALIZE ON THE QUEER SEXUALITY INVOKED BY ORLANDO'S & SASHA'S LOVE AFFAIR.

The tragedy of this relationship—and of the film as a whole—lies not in Bauer's gender confusion but in her girlfriend's inability or unwillingness to acknowledge Bauer's butch identity. Bauer must have sex in her clothes because her clothes represent her gender in a way that her anatomy cannot; as long as anatomy is not destiny there is no reason that Bauer should undress. Indeed, the very act of dressing

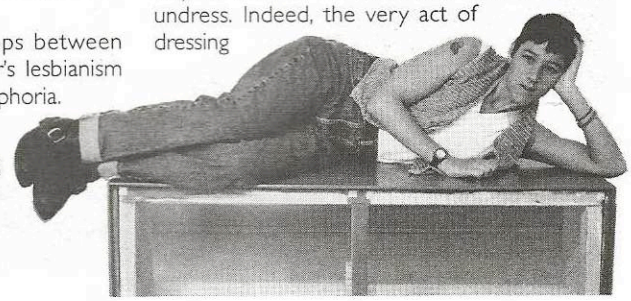

PHOTO: MICHAEL YAMAMOTO

JUDITH HALBERSTAM

Bauer in Vera

for Bauer is making herself vulnerable; by wearing a suit and tie, she has bared her desire, she has revealed her sexual identity. Unlike Potter's film, *Vera* addresses the sexual implications of cross-dressed desire.

Bauer's performance of maleness is not an androgynous act. Although the actress does look slightly like a boy, it is Bauer's swagger and her assertion of her own brand of masculinity that make her drag utterly convincing. Now, seven years after the film's original release, we view Bauer's transgendered identity in a very different context. Brag king parties, female to male transsexuality and all kinds of female masculinities make a fascinating backdrop to *Vera*.

The final queer transgender film that takes gender to its limits is *Joe-Joe* by Cecilia Dougherty and Leslie Singer. This brilliant piece of gender whimsy centers on two dykes living in San Francisco's Mission district who have transformed themselves into the gay writer/dramatist Joe Orton and are trying to get away with it. The two Joes expose exactly what is in a name or a gender: by becoming Joe Ortons, these tow low-brow, low budget, low-expectactions dyke playwrights become acclaimed authors who gain publicity and win awards just for being themselves. In this case, being themselves means living the life of dykes in the Mission: celebrating finding a parking spot, lots of sex, a little writing, holidays in Santa Cruz, Beatles imitations, and of course frozen T.V. dinners.

The transformation of Joe Orton into not one but two women—specifically, two lesbian lovers—certainly doubles the spectator's pleasure. Add to this queer scene of gender multiplication the fact that the Joes dress in Joe Orton drag (leather hats, leather coats and checked shirts), and are indistinguishable to everyone else in their lives, and you begin to approach the *Joe-Joe* effect. In Potter's *Orlando*, male drag relies upon an androgynous surface. In *Vera*, male drag depends upon the right suit and tie and a certain swagger. In *Joe-Joe*, however, we have a whole new gender game. Joe and Joe are not particularly male or female or androgynous; yet they are certainly lesbian and they are definitely regular Joes. Perhaps, as *Joe-Joe* seems to suggest, we should use our names to signify our genders: she's a Jane, he's a Dick. They are Joes. ❖

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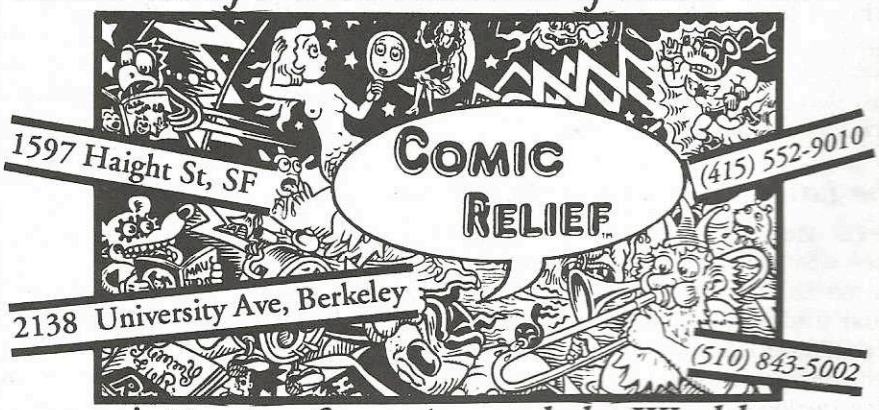

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Sex Yes, Gay Sex No

RR Donnelley, the printer who refused to publish ***Gay Ideas*** and ***Gay Sex*** from, respectively, Beacon Press and Alyson Publications, changed its tune to the sound of money when **Madonna** asked them to do her lavish tome ***Sex***.—*MS*

Sex Oui Ou Non?

In our last issue we reported the effects of Madonna's book on the citizens of **South Africa**. This month's bulletin comes from the land of l'amour, believe it or not. **Avenire de la Culture** ("Future of Culture"), a pro-censorship group in France, is suing Madonna and her publisher, trying to get all copies of the book withdrawn from the country.—*MS*

"Just a Routine Check, Ma'am"

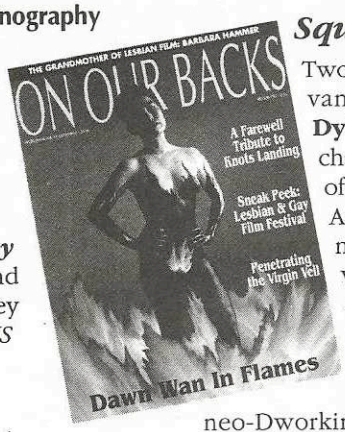
In late April and early May, **Canada Customs** carried out its biggest book bust ever when it seized hundreds of titles from **Inland Book Company**, a U.S. small-press distributor. Although customs officials deny that they were "targeting or harassing" any particular distributor or retailer, the titles chosen for detainment suggest otherwise: titles under "inspection" include ***Susie Bright's Sexual Reality***, ***The First Stroke***, and the ***Lesbian S/M Safety Manual***. Titles "prohibited outright" include ***Macho Sluts***, ***Taste of Latex #8***, ***Bushfire*** and ***The Story of O***.—*HF*

Zoned Out

Riding the wave of or recent efforts to outlaw nude dancing, the **New York City Council** is considering bills that would designate adult theaters, video stores and nightclubs as a "public nuisance," and would prevent them from operating within 500 ft. of a residential neighborhood, school or church. In the meantime, the **Forest Hills Nightclub**, a nude dancing club whose controversial opening inspired the bills, shut down when its besieged landlord offered to buy back their lease.—*HF*

The Law According to RICO

Ferris Alexander, owner of a chain of adult book and video stores, was busted, jailed and fined recently when several of his titles were deemed obscene. That's business as usual under the **Racketeering Influenced Corrupt Organization Act** (RICO). What's unusal is that the feds then confiscated $9,000,000 of Alexander's property and sent three truckloads of books and tapes—none of which had been judged obscene—to their fiery demise at a local incinerator. Alexander appealed to the Supreme Court where the majority led by **William Renquist** decided that, according to RICO, the confiscation and destruction of Alexander's property does not violate his first amendment rights.—*HF*

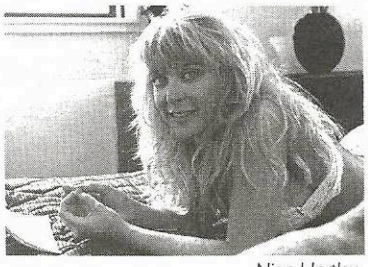

THE GRANDMOTHER OF LESBIAN FILM: BARBARA HAMMER
ON OUR BACKS
A Farewell Tribute to Knots Landing
Sneak Peek: Lesbian & Gay Film Festival
Penetrating the Virgin Veil
Dawn Wan In Flames

Squeamish in Seattle

Two Seattle bookstores were protested and vandalized this June by a group called **Dykes Against Porn** (DAP). DAP leveled charges of racism at the May/June cover of ***On Our Backs***, which featured Asian-American model **Dawn Wan** in a flame motif. Claiming that the cover "says white dykes should be getting off on setting Asian girls on fire," DAP spray-painted "Fuck On Our Backs" on the sidewalk and slashed copies of the magazine. Not all Seattle dykes are neo-Dworkinians, however: Suzanne Scommodau and Tanya Turkovich wrote to the **Seattle Gay News** that "the woman looks empowered, for she has her head high with her hands on her hips ...We interpret the fire-woman as a goddess, or a flame nymph. She is beautiful and strong." As for Dawn Wan herself, she told On Our Backs that she is "shocked" by the protests.—*HF*

Waiting on the "Erotic Eleven"

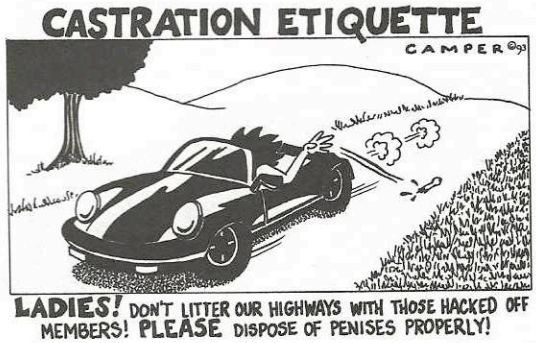
The trial of **Nina Hartley** and ten other female erotic performers who were charged in Nevada for "infamous crimes against nature" (see On Our Backs, Mar./April 1993) has been delayed. Hartley's defense team successfully argued that Nevada had unfairly apppointed a very conservative judge to the trial. To help free the Erotic Eleven, send checks to The Freedom Fund, 2550 Shattuck Avenue #51, Berkeley, CA 94704.—*HF*



Nina Hartley

Now you have it...

Let's face it. Packing it may come in handy for some things, but when it comes time for a pit stop, a girl's still got to squat. Shouldn't we be able to stand up for our rights? A California entrepreneur thinks so. To be marketed under the unlikely name of **LaFemme**, this cone shaped funnel will allow you to direct the flow as you will - onto a wall, into the snow, wherever. But don't start leaving the seat up!—*SR*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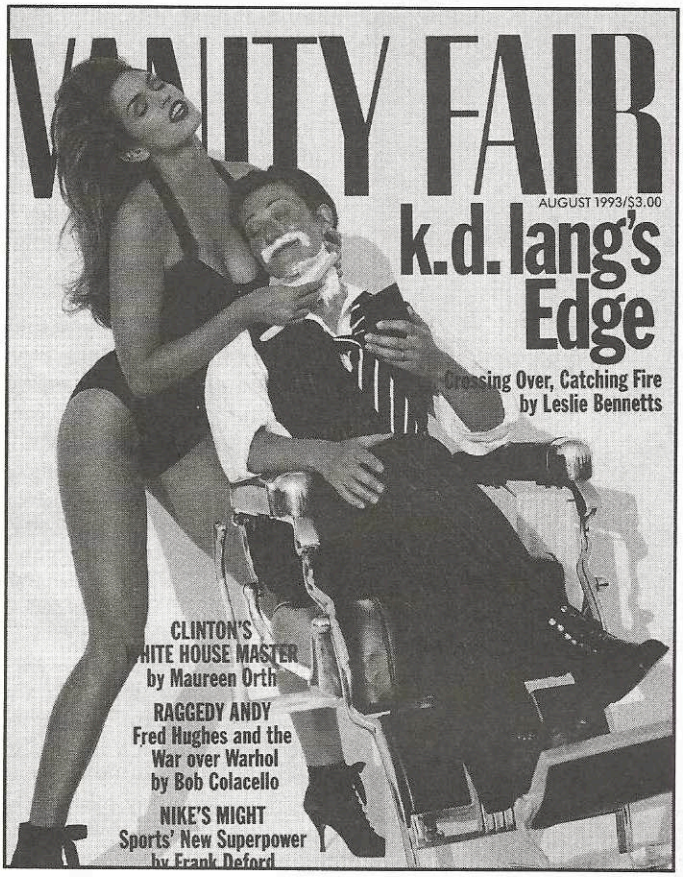
...Now He Doesn't!

Claiming that her husband tried to rape her, a Virginia woman cut off two-thirds of his penis with a kitchen knife in late June. Getting rid of it wasn't that easy, though: as she fled in her car, she realized the penis was still with her and had to toss it out the window into an intersection. While the ***New York Times*** has been obsessing over whether or not doctors were able to sew the man's penis back on, we haven't heard much about the rape allegation.—*HF*



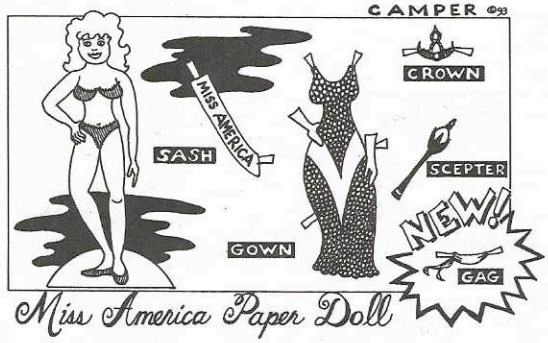
k.d. lang and Cindy Crawford

k.d.'s Lesbian Vanities

Forget Demi in the buff. The ***Vanity Fair*** cover to collect was surely August's shaving scene between butch dreamboat **k.d. lang** and supermodel **Cindy Crawford**. Conceived as a Norman Rockwell fantasy, a lathered up k.d. rests her head in Cindy's corseted cleavage, while inside, the girls lock eyes in an almost-kiss. Not since Paris in the 20's has it been so trendy to be a lesbian. Closet doors have been flying off their hinges as Camile Paglia, Sandra Bernhard, and Melissa Etheridge jump on the sapphic bandwagon. But no one's coming out has been spectacular as that of pop star k.d.lang. That girl is having a good time, and VF's article by Leslie Bennetts deals realistically with her life and loves without being coy or sensationalistic. A score for butch style: Bennetts' comparision of lang's stripped down look against the tortured and teased artifice usually defined as feminine: "...thick layers of makeup, waist-clinching gowns you can hardly breath in, high heels that make you mince and totter...And they call k.d.lang unnatural?" Madonna, eat your heart out!—*SR*

Gagging Miss America

No glove no love? **Leanza Cornett, Miss America '93**, may have ended up doing some inadvertent safe sex education for lesbians when a Florida school board refused to let her use the word "condom" or any other "sexually explicit language" in her AIDS-education address. Miss Cornett, whose platform is AIDS education and prevention, instead encouraged the students to always use a "glove" when engaging in sexual activity. We hope those Florida dykes took note!—*SR*



Inking in the Pink

Big advertisers are finally realizing that lesbians have financial clout. Why not let the IRS and everyone else know? In the same vein as the "Queer Money" stamps for dollar bills popularized by Queer Nation, **In the Pink** produces checks imprinted with the famous pink triangle. 10% of their proceeds go to the Whitman/Walker Clinic, a free HIV/Aids treatment center. To order, write In the Pink, PO Box 5794, Dept.921, Bethesda MD 20814.—*SR*

Cyberkink on Screen

Looking for **cybersex** in all the wrong places? Try hooking up with **PrideNet**, a gay/lesbian/bisexual community support network of over 200 BBS, including adults-only sex lines. Real Exposure, the parent company, also runs AdultNet and KinkNet - kind of like Vox by modem. To log on, dial 212.691.2679.—*SR*

Golden Girls Hooking Up

Over 50? Looking for love? Look no further! Insulted by a lesbian matchmaking service that refused to serve her because of her age, Christine Burton founded ***Golden Threads***, a quarterly newsletter dedicated to connecting older lesbians. Born in 1905, Burton's got no age limit on her newsletter, which means the under-50 set are also welcome to join. Those over 80, however, get a free lifetime membership. Knowing how older lesbians, especially those in rural areas, can become isolated, Burton encourages her subscribers to leave Golden Threads' lavender business cards in library books, bus seats, and bulletin boards. Interested? Write to *Golden Threads*, P.O. Box 60475, Northhampton, MA. 01060-0475.—*SR*

HEATHER FINDLAY, MARCY SHEINER AND STEPHANIE ROSENBAUM reporting

SEX IN CYBERSPACE: LOVE BYTES!

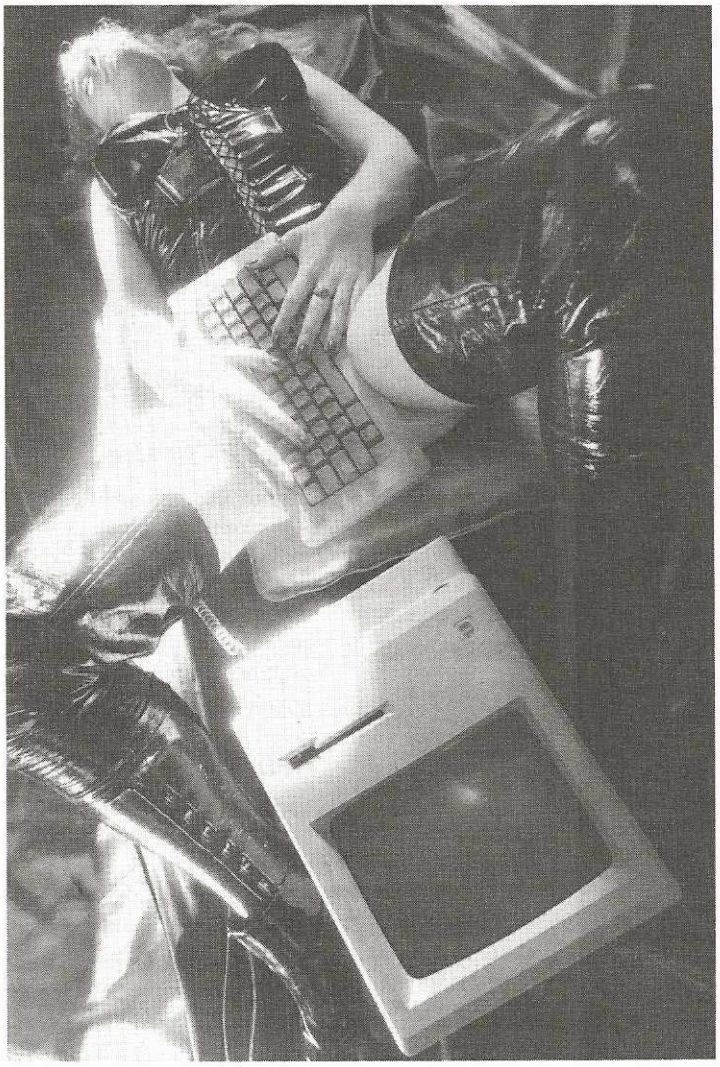


PHOTO BY PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

The only thing that turned me on about computers back in high school was a certain blonde-haired chick who sat two rows back in my computer science class. I kept pretending to lose my documents and data, and then I'd let her graciously save me. She would lean over me as I tried to press against her chest. Her hands would reach over to my keys to retrieve the information I claimed was lost.

It was only when we took the final exam that my "I-don't-understand-computers" ruse was over: it was obvious from my grades that I understood more than I had shown to my *objet d'amour.*

Still, I do not claim to really understand computers. I leave that to programmers. Let them write software and hardware; I'm only interested in what computers can do for me. And they do me right—or rather, electronic mail and the public and private chat areas ("cyberspace") of computer bulletin boards do me just fine.

This cyberspace is a wonderful place for dykes to meet, talk, write, and jill off—under the complete anonymity of handles such as "Butchie Boy," "Girlfriend," and "Sex Posse," or my usual, "Scooby." You can be anybody you want for the small price of a yearly membership. Some boards are even free.

The boards are totally safe. Privacy is guaranteed. No one can get your phone number, your address, or your real name unless you give it to them, and this information is almost never permitted in public areas. I've never heard of anyone mucking up their keyboards with their body fluids, although typing with one hand and diddling yourself with the other can sometimes cause a strain on the wrists and occasionally a cramp in the lower arm.

Some evenings, I pour myself a really good dark beer, get dressed in a soft cotton robe with lace nasties underneath, and dial up "Lambda Zone." The Lambda Zone is a Chicago board that has members all over the country and it's one of the friendliest—as well as the raunchiest—I've been on. It's women-owned and, after you've been verified by phone, you'll get introduced to everyone else by electronic mail from the system operator, or the SysOp in cyberspace-ese.

After signing on for the allotted 90 minutes a day I get with my level membership, I wade through the introductions of the latest batch of new members. I ignore the straight men, say hi to the interesting queer men, and at the very minimum introduce myself to all the new queer women.

I lost my computer maidenhead in the Lambda Zone only six months ago, and I saved all the correspondence and on-line chats for posterity. It began when one of the introductions claimed to be a consummate butch top and generally kinky, so I not only welcomed her, but also mentioned that I was a die-hard femme bitch. After several tenuous e-mail exchanges where we tested each other's desires and boundaries, we met—so to speak—in a private chat zone where we could be a little more explicit and personal. By way of a telephone line, my Macintosh spoke to her IBM, and we started writing a story. I told her I had a fantasy about public sex on a crowded Chicago 'L' train, and she went about fulfilling it.

"Well, an 'L' fantasy might go something like this," she said. She could have had a voice like Mickey Mouse, but through cyberspace I could hear only the voices I made in my head, so I made hers deep and full. "I'm in the mood for fucking, not for love and kisses, and I notice that my hand has landed somewhere around your ass..." she wrote.

"The train's so crowded," I wrote back. "I have no choice but to keep my ass in your crotch. I stand solidly with my feet exactly two feet apart so I can feel every vibration from the train on my clit and feel your breath heavy on my neck."

On and on we wrote until, all of a sudden, she stopped. "What the hell, don't stop," I wrote. "Please don't stop. We're not out of time yet."

VICTORIA STAGG ELLIOT

"I'll see you tomorrow, brat, same time."

She signed off, leaving me with wet panties and an aching clit. I couldn't possibly wait until tomorrow, so I went into one of the public bulletin boards—the one called "Lesbian Erotic Story"— and read about other people's fantasies until my finger had done its job and my breath fogged up the computer screen.

In my mind, my mystery woman had very light blonde hair, cut short, but thick—perfect for running my fingers through. Her eyes were a rich blue. Her breasts were a wonderful handful, with big perky nipples. (When I finally met my mystery woman, she didn't exactly fit the picture in my head, but it was worth breaking the fantasy to meet her. That, however, is another story.)

IN SEX, THE HARDWARE GOES INTO THE SOFTWARE. IN COMPUTERS, IT'S VICE-VERSA

I waited not-so-patiently until the next night. She was right on time, and we headed directly to a private chat area.

"Well, are you going to continue, or are you going to make me beg?" I asked.

"How bad do you want a top to make you scream?" she wrote, and then resumed the story, but this time in a gangway not far from an "L' station. "The brat needs a lesson pulling my dripping hand out of her cunt," she wrote.

"My hands reach up above my head with my fingers curling through the chain link fence...I wrap myself around her with my heels digging into her ass..." This time she let me come.

Like many women, I am very turned on by erotic writing. As a matter of fact, if I don't enjoy someone's writing, I don't consider having a serious relationship with them. My mystery woman took erotic literature to a new level for me and, between the two of us, it came alive without the distractions and fumblings that usually accompany a first-time orgasm with someone new.

We continued our stories about five times a week for a couple of months. Although we still correspond a bit, I'm back to cruising the cyberspace for a hot new dyke. I'm not e-mailing willy nilly trying to find another consummate butch top, though: I'm cruising matchmaker profiles provided by the board.

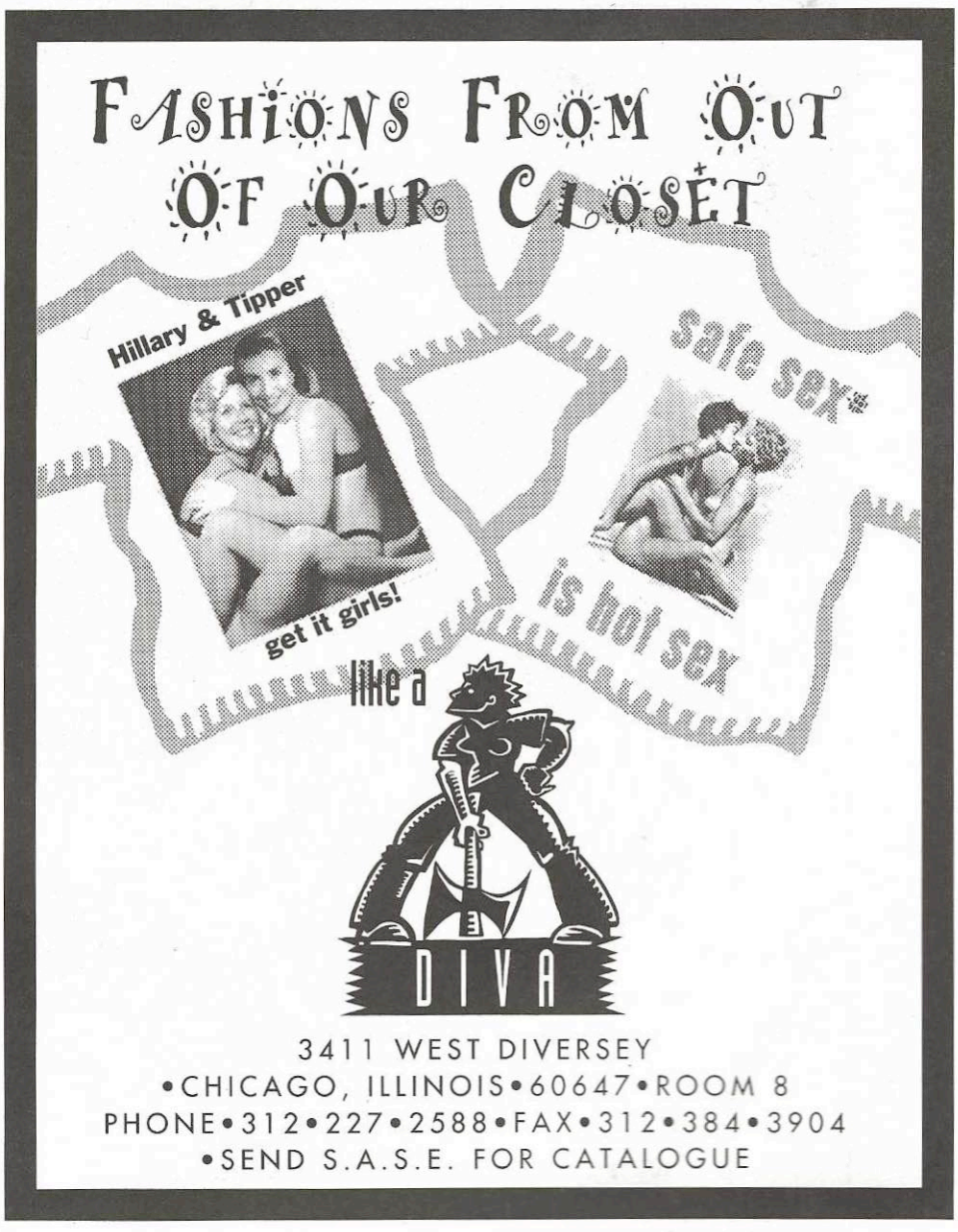
All of the gay boards that I've ever used have some form of profiling or dating program. Some will only give you a list of every lesbian registered in the system, but quite a few give out detailed answers to essay questions. You can narrow it down to all dykes between certain ages, of certain religions, with particular drug habits, etc. You'll not only find out what their dreams are, but, most importantly, whether they want to do hot e-mail.

Some are only interested in having sex in person, and others only want true love—bad choices for a casual fuck in cyberspace. It also pays to watch your manners and make sure that people want sexually explicit e-mail or chats. Complaints can be made to the SysOps, and it's always best to stay in good graces with them: they can kick you out for breaking the board's rules.

Compared to phone sex, computer sex is a bargain. Once you have the computer (or access to one—I use my roommate's) a modem can cost as little as $50. Nearly all boards allow for an average two-week free sampling period. After the free trial is over, yearly costs for a certain number of minutes per day generally run under $40. Lambda Zone costs $32 for a basic membership giving you 90 minutes per day.

Board numbers are usually advertised in classified sections of gay publications, and once you get on one you can find many more in its directories. Listings can always be found in *Boardwatch Magazine*, the publication of computer bulletin boards. Boards do pop up and disappear rather fast, so it's always best, and a lot more fun, to sign up on several at once. The four I'm on keep me busy enough without swallowing up too much of my time.

When first signing on, you may notice a very interesting phenomenon: you suddenly realize, "Oh, this is where they've been keeping all the gay Republicans; I kept hearing about them, but didn't know where any lived." Well, now you know: they're on computer bulletin boards. But don't be surprised if you run across some porno-crazed journalist named Scooby who keeps talking about Bulgaria (my favorite country) and pushing the "Vote Democrat" ticket. That's me. Be sure to say hello. ✪



INNA VALIN

My work is not conceived immaculately.

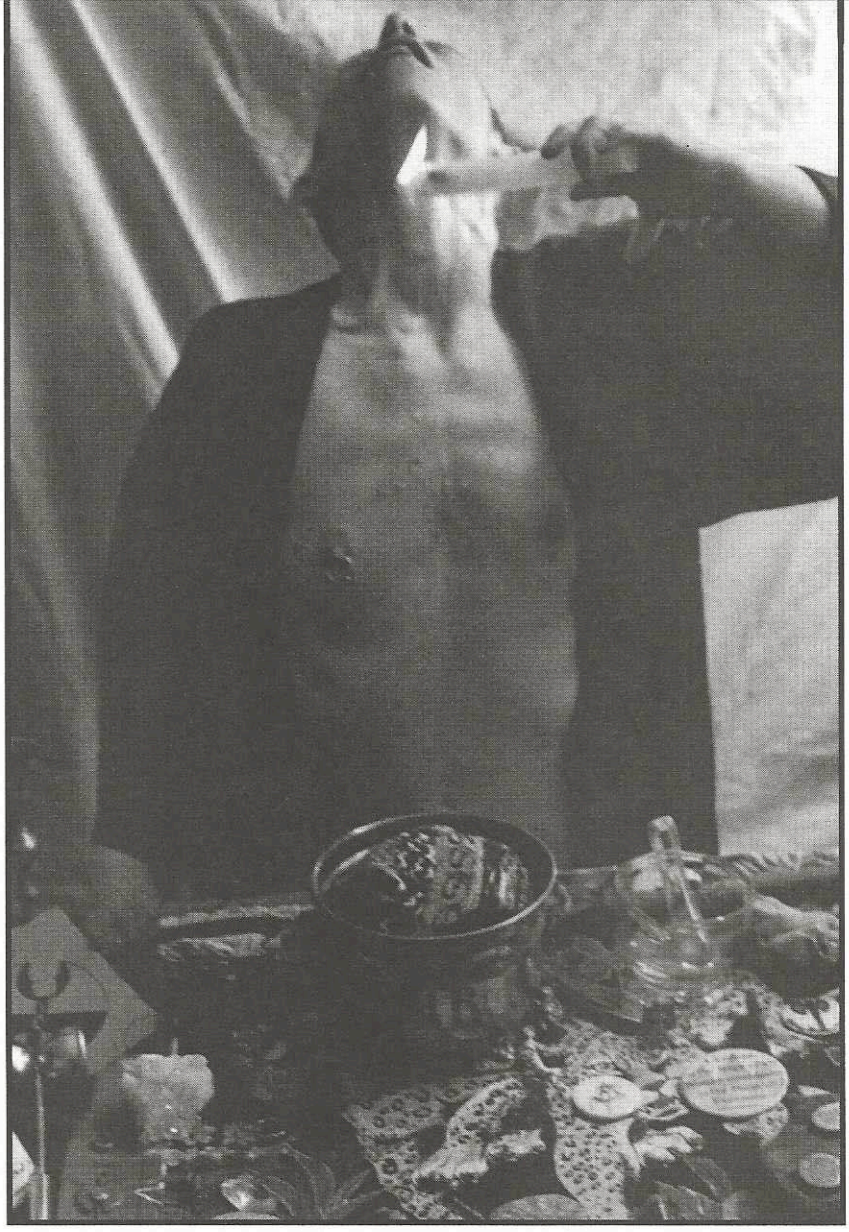
It is born simply of the common dirt, pain and hope from which we originate; this is then translated in to small pieces of silver gelatin covered film.

I use my body, with objects that talk, grab, scream, fuck, love, hate, cry and contradict in the hope that people will think, feel and question themselves.

My current subject is religion.
This is a compulsory subject for me, as if my mother was a junkie
and I was a junk baby raised on twisted biblical interpretation. The dealer was the church;
doling out sanitary, deathless security in exchange for colorless behavior and non-consensual masochism.
My photos capture our liberation from the bible's patriarchal myths about women.
The myth that sexual women—Eve, Dinah, Mary Magdalen, Jezebel, the Whore of Babylon—
are the root of evil has terrorized little girls into the required subservient mindset.

Women are sexual beings and use sexual imagery as one way to shatter this myth. I free a nun of her habit and allow her to masturbate; I release the Virgin Mary from her pedestal so she can rest on my Venus mound. She is waiting to fuck a woman with her whole body until she is drenched in warm, wet abandon. I try to show what the Holy Sacrament should be: a joy, given freely, cunt to tongue, tongue to cunt, mouth to nipple, nipple to mouth. Then perhaps all will be cleansed and forgiven in the shuddering of this release.

Inna Valin will be showing her work at a show entitled "Sexart 3" from September 10th through October 3rd at Chester's Folsom Gallery, 1229 Folsom Street, San Francisco 415.544.1136.



DENNY JENSEN

Mary Gennoy: "both witchcraft and s/m have allowed me to explore and experience other realms of realitiy and sensations. Integrated together, they make play much more intense."

WICKED SEX: LESBIANS IN MODERN WITCHCRAFT

CAROL QUEEN

Women gather in a forest glade to honor their divine Goddess. The ritual tools they use are their tongues, their hands, their vulvas, their voices. They cast a magic circle to keep away all danger and to ensure that what they do is sacred. They hold hands, chant together, and invite the Goddess to come into their bodies. Now, when they begin to touch, kiss, and lick one another, they will be goddesses. It is not earthly lovemaking; it is a rite. When each woman orgasms, she will dedicate her cry of pleasure to healing the earth. Her sexuality is not only sacred, it is powerful. Each one in turn breathes deeply and rhythmically, begins to shake and tremble, and cries out as pleasure takes over. The others who hold her chant the names of the goddesses: Isis, Astarte, Diana, Hecate, Demeter, Kali, Inanna...

****

What comes to mind when you think of witches? Flying brooms, pointy hats, eye of newt and tongue of bat? Elizabeth Montgomery twitching her nose? Birkenstocked women in a circle under a full moon? Midnight Sabbat gatherings complete with wine, food, and sexual abandon?

Be careful how you respond, for many modern Witches feel as sensitive about stereotypes as you and your girlfriend might upon being asked "which one's the man?" When you consider the history of Witchcraft it's easy to understand this sensitivity, especially when it comes to sexual matters. Like dykes, Witches have a history of violent oppression at the hands of patriarchal culture. Many have been closeted, silenced or worse, and many because of their sexuality. After all, according to the Inquisition's witch hunting manual, the fifteenth century *Malleus Maleficarum*, "all witchcraft stems from carnal

Three witches and their familiars.

lust, which is in women insatiable." Millions of women paid for this belief with their lives.

Today Witchcraft is practically synonymous in the public mind with Satanism, and the medieval myth that sexually voracious Witches kissed the devil's butt during their Sabbat meetings has been resituated, thanks to tabloid TV, in daycare centers. A Witch today could pay for her beliefs with her job or her kids—the same sort of fate that awaits many dykes.

But the truth is that a sizeable percentage of the many women today who practice Witchcraft—otherwise known as Wicce, Wicca or simply "the Craft"—is lesbian or bisexual, and their involvement in the Craft is deeply connected to their sexuality. In fact, many believe that because Wicce is a female centered religion that reveres a Great Goddess, it is a spiritual path tailor made for women who love women. Many believe, moreover, that because Wiccan philosophy rejects the hierarchy of spirit over body, it is tailor made for those who worship at the temple of the flesh.

Annie Sprinkle thought so when she photographed four lesbian Witches for a pictorial in *On Our Backs*. She accompanied them to a secret country location where they invoked the Goddess and performed an erotic ritual. Her models are wearing what Witches often do during their rituals—that is, they are "sky-clad," garbed in nothing but jewelry and their own skin. One campy photo shows them wearing nothing but tall black hats.

The pictorial proved controversial. One Wiccan objected to it on the grounds that it misrepresented her spiritual beliefs. The pointy hats drew particular fire. I read the ensuing exchange in *On Our Backs*' letter section and shook my head; I'm no stranger to feminist catfights, dyke drama, or differences of opinion within Wicce, but it seemed to me that the offended letter-writer didn't know she was speaking on behalf of a spiritual system that had no universally acknowledged policy, much less dogma, about pointy hats.

The Wiccan woman, however, was probably offended by more than the Witches' headgear. She complained that the models' "Priestess needs to discuss with them the difference between a ritual and an orgy"—could it be that her objection was really to the sex?

But sometimes there is no clear difference between a ritual and an orgy. When the Goddess says in one piece of Wiccan liturgy, "eat, sing, dance, make music and love, all in My presence, for all acts of love and pleasure are My rituals," she spells out quite clearly the Wiccan position on sexual pleasure. No religion, in fact, honors and emphasizes sexuality more strongly than the Craft. Most importantly for lesbians, Wicce acknowledges and celebrates sex in all its diversity, from queer to het and beyond. It is this quality about contemporary Witchcraft that keeps me—and a lot of other queer women like me—faithful.

Although it is more common to venerate the erotic symbolically, some Wiccan covens honor desire directly by including sex in their rituals. One powerful Wiccan ritual is called the Great Rite, in which two Witches (in the heterosexual traditions, the priest and priestess of the coven) take on the roles of the Goddess and her consort and fuck in the center of the circle. For the coveners to be present at this union has great spiritual significance. Can you imagine being so privileged as to watch God fuck? Jehovah never struck me as a very sexy guy but, in the Wiccan context, the Great Rite tells me that sex is truly sacred. The power of the rite is perhaps enhanced by the voyeurism that is still, in our culture, a forbidden sexual possibility.

WICCE ACKNOWLEDGES AND CELEBRATES SEX IN ALL ITS DIVERSITY, FROM QUEER TO HET AND BEYOND...

Z Budapest, the charismatic Hungarian immigrant who introduced "Dianic" or woman centered Wicce to the United States, has taken note of the heterosexism implicit in this ceremony. She has said that "the Great Rite ought to be taken up by someone who has experience working with *women's* sexual energy. Great enlightenment could follow." Indeed! The women in Annie Sprinkle's pictorial, in fact, may have been doing their own, specifically lesbian version of the Great Rite.

Another branch of Wicce initiates new coven members with a rite of "binding and scourging," which are activities you might see today at any S/M party—though in that environment they'd doubtless be called bondage and discipline. In some gender-mixed covens the women are very clearly on top, as befits a group which reveres the Sacred Female. I should hasten to add that in traditional covens binding and scourging would not be

SIXTEENTH CENTURY LESBIAN WITCHES?

Several witchcraft cases in sixteenth century Britain suggest that some women who were accused of witchcraft had intimate—and perhaps sexual—relationships with other women. A pamphlet describing the trial and execution of Elizabeth Bennet of Essex in 1582, for example, describes her and Goodwife Bonner as "lovers and familiar friendes." "Lover" was a word used to describe all kinds of close bonds, erotic and otherwise; the term "familiar friend," moreover, indicates that Elizabeth and Mrs. Bonner had what lesbian historian Lillian Faderman has dubbed a "romantic friendship," a primary, passionate and often sexual relationship between women. The 1582 pamphlet gives a detailed description of the kisses and caresses that Elizabeth gave to Mrs. Bonner on the latter's deathbed. Remembering this scene between the two women, William Bonner—not, perhaps, without some jealousy and anxiety—accused Elizabeth Bennet of having bewitched his wife to death.

Essex appears to have been a hotbed of sapphic witchcraft: the same pamphlet includes testimony by a woman who accused her sister-in-law Ursula Kemp of following her into the fields, leaping on her, lifting up her skirts and "beat[ing] her uppon the hippes"—the only words, perhaps, that the prosecutors found fit to describe what should sound to us like a sexual assault. Kemp was promptly hanged for witchcraft.

Finally, an incident in Scotland proves that when dykes got caught up in the witch craze, it was sometimes on the side of the Law. A mid seventeenth century manuscript describes a certain "Paterson the Witch Pricker" who gained fame and fortune by witch pricking—that is, by poking suspected witches with sharp needles until he found their "devil's mark," an insensitive spot on women's bodies where the devil was said to suck his initiate. Hundreds of such witch prickers were employed by British authorities during this period to find witches; what was unusual about Paterson was that he undressed his victims and ran his hands all over their bodies until they were so "beside themselves" they would confess to anything. When this perverse and sadistic character was revealed to be a woman in man's clothing, she was put to death along with her victims. —*Ed*

Magic Books

A selective list of books about Witchcraft and Wicce

Witches, Midwives and Nurses by Barbara Ehrenreich and Dierdra English: a sketchy but provocative pamphlet that suggests the witch hunts were an attempt to stamp out women and peasant healers.

The Spiral Dance by Starhawk: the introduction/how to manual that brought Wicce into the living rooms of America.

The Holy Book of Women's Mysteries and ***The Goddess in the Office by Z Budapest***: the first is a good introduction to woman centered Wicce; the second, self help via witchcraft for wanna be Wiccan yuppies (wuppies?).

Gyn/Ecology by Mary Daly: includes a horrifying chapter on the misogyny of the witch hunts.

The Witch-Cult in Western Europe by Margaret Murray: this anthropological study proposes that a pagan religion which predated Christianity was then suppressed by the Church as "Satan worship." Murray's evidence—as well as her scholarly credentials—have been severely criticized by mainstream historians (in part, I think, because she was a woman in a totally male-dominated field), but her claim that witches actually practiced some version of what they were accused of has remained influential in both academic and Wiccan circles.

Witchcraft and the Gay Counterculture by Arthur Evans: A must for any self respecting tree-hugging-anarchist-goddess-worshiping pervert.

Jambala by Luisah Teish: "a marvelous blend of memoirs, folk wisdoms and African American beliefs" for those interested in contemporary witchcraft with non-European roots.

When God Was A Woman by Merlin Stone: A study of ancient, woman-centered religions and the story of how they were replaced by patriarchal religions.

The Malleus Maleficarum ("The Hammer of Witches") by Jacob Sprenger and Heinrich Kramer: this witch hunting manual is now available in a Dover paperback for anyone who wants to wade through endless chapters of medieval monkish misogyny.

—Ed (thanks to Ancient Ways Bookstore in Oakland, CA for assistance).

thought of as sexual activities, but as integral parts of an initiation ritual. In binding and scourging, initiates are bound to the Goddess and rid of their impurities via a (probably mild) whipping. Nevertheless, one wonders which comes first in these rituals, the spiritual path or the desire for eroticized dominant/submissive dynamics.

If Wiccan rituals have always been sexy, some sex parties have recently become very witchie. For several years I have been hosting safe sex parties for people of all genders and sexual orientations. Feeling that it was my tendency to seek spiritual sexuality in these spaces—what more vivid way to bring home that "all acts of love and pleasure are My rituals" than to surround myself with a polymorphous Bacchanal?—I began to hold gatherings where this confluence of sex and spirit could be openly acknowledged. I called them

A witches' sabbat

Queen of Heaven Pagan Parties after one of the ancient names for the Goddess. We open these parties with a group ritual borrowing heavily from Wiccan themes, and close them with "Honor the Goddess with your pleasure!" As Wiccans and pagans come together with likeminded others, the entire gathering becomes a large, pulsating Magic Circle, delineating a sacred and protected space. The sex play that follows is dedicated to the Goddess and is touched, in my opinion, by a particularly sweet energy.

At my Queen of Heaven parties, part of what is so exciting is being present in a room where lots of people are being sexual. The voyeurism is also a powerful charge. I can watch women meeting and coupling with women. I can also watch men with men, women with men, and groups of bodies in which each person's gender no longer seems to matter. The sounds and cries of people fucking in countless ways combine like a chant. In a way everyone in the room is having sex with everyone else. The old idea that spiritual union can only happen with one's mate breaks down, and each participant can enjoy sex without the necessity of a relationship. Yet the sex isn't exactly casual, either, because my gatherings are solemn rituals. Each woman—and each man—present is a goddess, for the Witches' doctrine of divine immanence holds that the earth and everything on it *is* the Goddess.

That's what it looks like to me, anyway. The more gender-bent and polymorphous the better, for to me ecstatic sexuality doesn't deal in limits.

The Herstory of Wicce

I got my first book about witchcraft when I was eleven. "Potions and Spells of Witchcraft" was a sixties era hippie rip-off, but I still have my tattered copy of the book that gave me a measure of control over an environment that I felt was so treacherously out of my young, female hands. I learned how to make a witch's circle, recite arcane words, and cast spells. I can still remember how powerful doing all this made me feel.

My first magic book, however, made no mention of what is now deeply important to me. Over the years, I have learned that Wicce is actually a religion, older than Christianity, which principally reveres not a male or neuter god, but a great Goddess.

Wicce is believed by its followers to be the religion practiced by the Northern European peoples before the Romans imported Christianity and forced it upon them. During the medieval and renaissance periods, the Old Religion was all but stamped out in four hundred years of a violent holy war in which millions of people—a vast majority of them women—were executed as witches.

The Church's reasoning behind the extermination of Witches relied heavily on notions of heresy and sexuality. Witches were said to steal husbands, render men impotent, and engage in sexual activity with the devil as well as each other. In England, Witches were invariably accused of consorting with small animals such as cats or ferrets, which the demonologists called "familiars" and claimed were demonic. The witch was believed to suckle her familiars, often in her "privy parts."

According to Arthur Evans' *Witchcraft and the Gay Counterculture*, the essence of the conflict between the Church and the Witches was sexual. Evans claims that the Church was infuriated by the Old Religion's tolerance toward homosexuality. Catholicism transformed the Horned God of the Witches into the devil, and invented Satanism to disguise the fact that it was trying to stamp out a dissenting religion. For historians of Wicce, Witches are not, and never were, Satanists. Devil worship is Christianity's own twisted denomination.

Some feminist historians contend that Witches were the healers or "wise women" who provided their neighbors with basic health care, including obstetrics, gynecology and abortions. According to this theory, the

(continued on page 38)

It's 6:00 a.m. My panties are soaked. I have a lust rash up to my ears. I'm on the set as an extra for the sex club scene in Safe is Desire, *Fatale's new safe sex video, and I just saw Darby Michael, the Star, get her tit powdered by a make up artist.*

Bustling all about me at this ungodly hour is the all-women cast and crew. Gorgeous babes in outrageous costumes (or none at all) intermingle with the mountains of gear, tool belts, bulging muscles and heaving groans of the production crew. How we extras would love to turn the cameras around and make a porn flick about them*!*

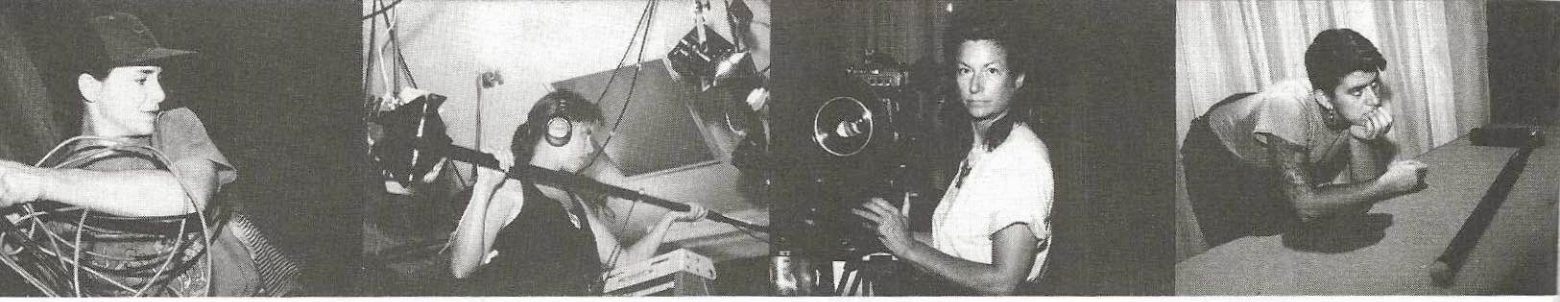
Making erotic videos is a big tease - hard work, not much play. The worst was having to sit still at my post under hot lights while someone made a condom run. But not many typical days at the office involve watching the Safe Sex Sluts have a three-way - twice. We extras were hurtin' by the time that *part of the shoot was over, and some of us retreated to the back rooms for some, uh, sexual healing. It was only noon by then, and the orgy scene was still to come!* —Kat I. Slut

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

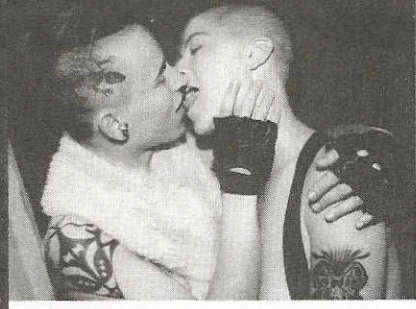
BACKSTAGE PEEK

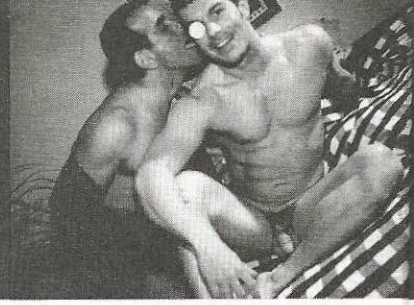
FATALE VIDEO'S Safe Is Desire

Director of Cinemaphotogaphy Fawn Yacker and Director Debi Sundahl check out a shot.

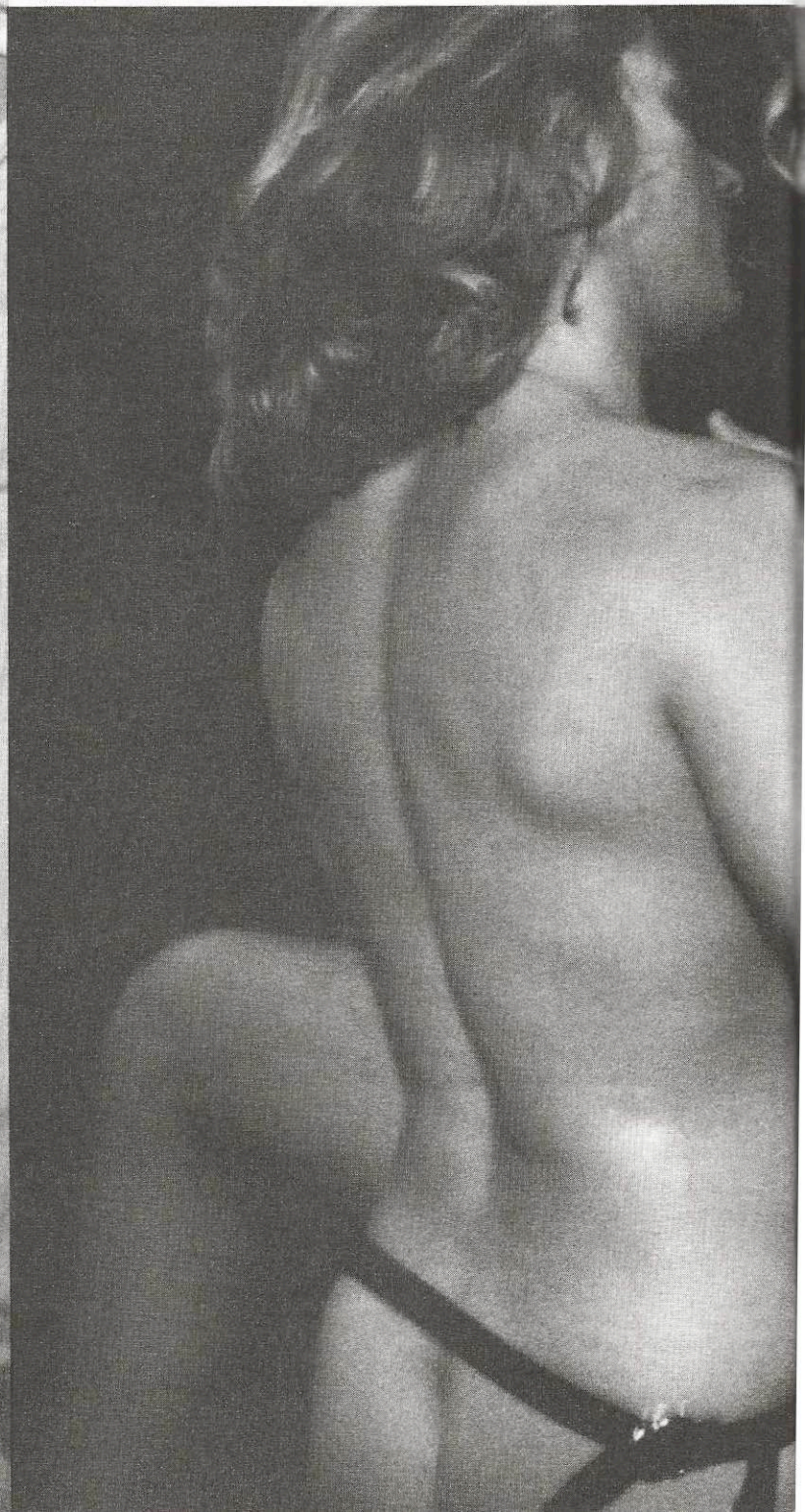


(above) Key Grip Lisa Harper rocks, 2nd-camera woman Marsha Kahm rolls, and boom operator Pat Sielski records every last orgasm, and grip Jaime Santos flashes her tattoo..
(below) All innocence and sweetness - Jessi Ahart and Janet Holman take five before their performance as one-half of the group orgy foursome. (right) Make up artist Stephanie Rosenbaum zeroes in on Darby Michaels' tit—wouldn't you smile, too?





(from left, above) Idexa and slave Terry's whip kept the crew sha
Backs"); Production manager Shar wrestles down a stray Star-c
revenge. (left) Stars of Safe is Desire Christina Lareina, as Allie,



shap; Allie's roommates: Franco nuzzles coin condom—bespeckled gay porn star Bill Marlow ("The first male organ unveiled in On Our r-curl; "Ohh, Allie-babe! Luv ya when ya snap that latex!"; Safe Sex Sluts party down with lube and latex... on Stormy, who later gets ie, and Darby Michael, as Dionne, burn up the set. (below) The group sex scene in full mosh.

THE ARRIVAL

Dearest Susannah:

It's been only 12 days since I saw you last, but 12 days without your touch feels like an eternity. My imagination has been working relentlessly to find an erotic reverie that will satisfy my libido until I see you again. After enduring many lukewarm masturbation fantasies, I think I've finally come up with a sizzling scenario that will keep us both hot and wet for days to come. Okay Susannah, here's the scene:

You're flying down on the next plane—I've arranged to meet you at the airport, 12 noon exactly. You step off the plane, dressed in black: jeans, turtleneck and your boots, polished to a dangerous gleam. I am there, waiting for you, standing a distance from the passive curiosity of the airline personnel. I too am dressed all in black; my dress is cut low, and the seams of my stockings that begin where my high heels end are visible nearly all the way up to my ass. I wear a black felt hat with feathers to match, and a veil to conceal the seductive expression on my face.

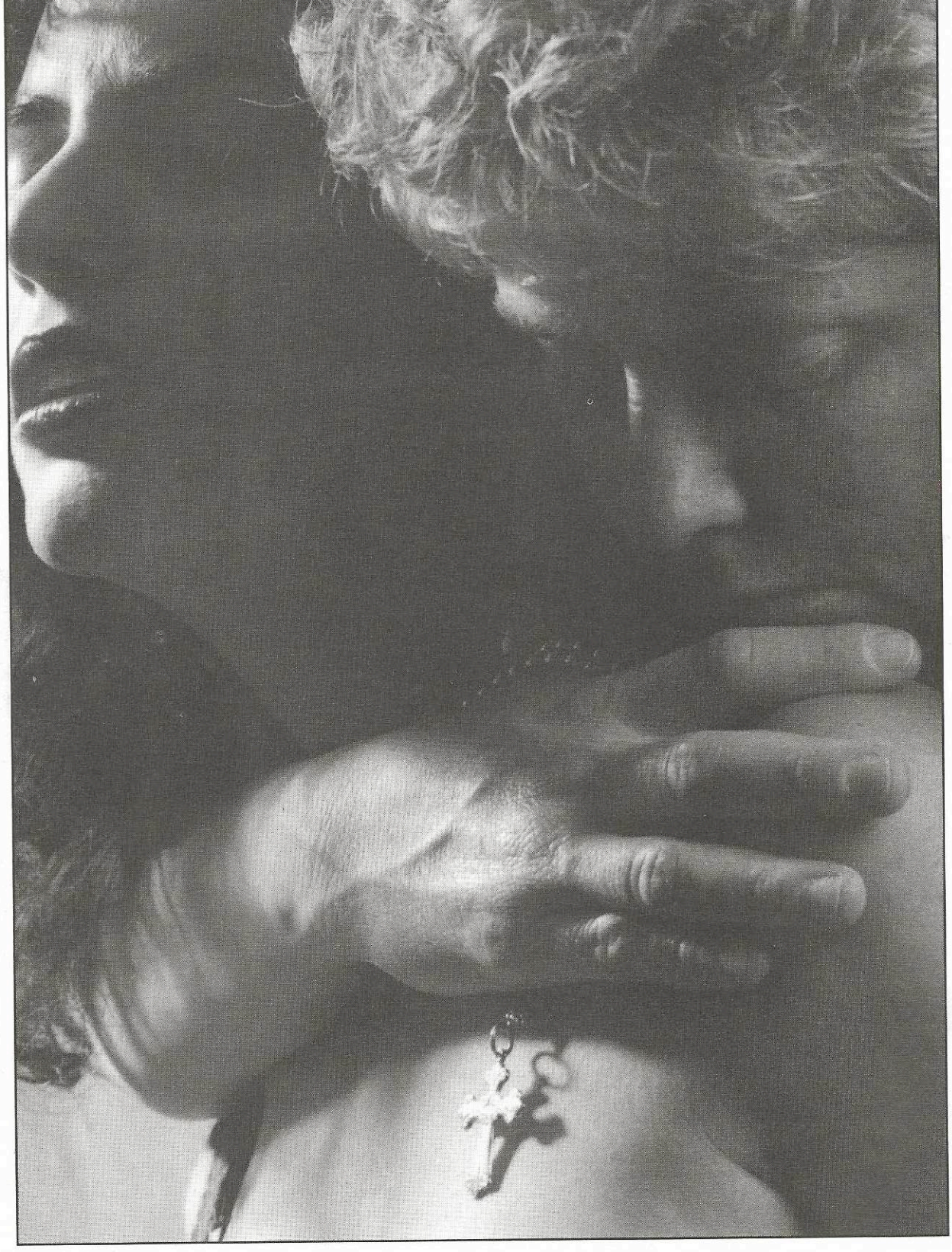
Our eyes meet, accompanied by two smiles and two pounding hearts. I remain still as you approach. No smiles now, only a mutual look that sears the soul—and the cunt. I reach for you, but the glint in your eyes stops my motion in mid-air; my hands drop to my sides where they belong. I have forgotten my place in these past 12 days.

(Continued on page 42)

I want it, but it seems downright nasty to get buttfucked in such a public place

WREN MARSHALL

PHOTOGRAPHER: NOE



NEDA PHOTOGRAPHY

Hail Mariah

For months now, Mariah and I have been playing a waiting game.I've watched her. When she didn't think I was looking, she stared back. I stand five feet ten and weigh 170. I like to think of myself as a bold Viking warrior. Actually, I'm a truck driver. That's not a terribly heroic profession, but a lot of women, when they hear what I do, get turned on.

Not Mariah. In fact, her response to this information was decidedly scornful. She specializes in scorn .

Mariah manages the estate of a wealthy old man in Marin County, California. This strikes me as genteel, in keeping with the fact that she was born to a wealthy family herself, in Andorra. Andorra is a micro-country in the Pyrenees Mountains. It's between Spain and France, and she speaks both those languages fluently, as well as Italian, and, of course, English.

What I am, in other words, is outclassed by her.

But not discouraged. She showed up at my house today at my invitation, which all my friends told me she'd never do. And she's been watching me now for hours.

I suppose I was crazy to invite her to an outdoor barbecue—expecting her to play volleyball and smack her lips on grilled shish-kabob. It's almost comical to see her here, reclining on one of my rickety patio chairs, among my friends and I in our surfboy garb and Gap T's. She is wearing, as she always wears, layers of formal black, fastened in needlessly complex ways. She means to let all of us—especially me, know just how unassailable she is.

Apparently there's a lot she doesn't realize about desire. Staring at all those tissue-thin layers she's got on, which stir in the slightest current of air, only makes me think about how easy they'd be to tear off. And after observing her all afternoon—the way she moves and the panther gleam of her muscles as she primly crosses her legs—I mentally remove that ascetic's dress altogether, outfitting her in an animal skin.

Around 4:00 she says to me, "I'd better be going, Alex." Her accent is just slightly French but her command of English is flawless, even down to the idioms.

"As you wish." I bow to her, grinning. "Shall I have someone give you a ride?"

Instead of answering, she gives me one of her long looks, then with that gorgeous sneer says, "You don't talk like any truck driver I've ever known."

"How many have you known?" I counter.

She looks startled.

"All right," I grin, "you've stumbled upon my dirty little secret: I'm a poet."

"Oh, sure," she mutters. She folds her arms across her lush breasts, which are impossible to ignore the way she's got them fortressed, and regards me skeptically.

"I am," I insist. "I used to be a journalist, got burnt out on that, and decided to find a job where I could spend more time alone. And driving gets my juices going—creative juices."

"Hm," she snorts. "And this poetry"—*zis* poetry, God she's too much, a lesbian Bridget Bardot— "is all about what? Life on the road? The American love affair with perpetual motion?"

I laugh. "Actually, it tends to be about women."

"Ah, yes." Her eyes narrow. "I might have figured."

I put down the beer I'd been drinking. "Come into the house with me. I'll show you some of it."

"You are very forward," she murmurs, taking a step away from me. But then stops, looking at me intently. I take her gently by the elbow.

"Come on. I won't bite you."

"You insult me, which is worse," she says. Yet she's walking. Accompanying me into the house. "Do you imagine I didn't know what it is you want?"

"No. I think it's obvious what I want." We are climbing the stairs, or rather I am herding her to the second floor, though I'm trying like hell to do so casually. When we reach my room, I stand aside so she can enter first. I realize I'm holding my breath. She hesitates on the threshold, then goes in. My breath escapes in a gust.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to force you." I pin her and she gasps. "Much as you'd love to play martyr, I won't make it that easy on you."

"And since you're here," I say, closing the door behind me, "it would seem you want the same thing I do."

"Don't flatter yourself," she snaps.

She investigates all corners of the room, like a cat. Finally she turns to face me, standing against the wall. Head thrown back, teeth bared, not saying a word. She looks so magnificent that for a minute I'm rooted to the spot.

"Mariah," I say, "Why are you here?" Silence. Her eyes glitter and she looks so much like a cornered, outraged feline that my shoulders slump.

"Hey, listen. You don't have to do this. Or we can postpone it; whatever you want."

"Postpone it. Yes, Alex, let's do that." She laughs. Her teeth are perfect. "The way you've been watching me all day—you and your friends..."

I frown. "It's true, we couldn't take our eyes off you." Why is she trying to shame me? "And I wanted you to come up here with me. But you've got to want it too."

"Oh, do I?" She smiles. "What if you want it enough for both of us?"

I suck in my breath. "No, there's no such thing."

"Bullshit."

I realize I'm shaking—because I'm furious, and because she's so close to me and in spite of what I've said to her I want her so bad my bones ache.

Yet I meant it. I must have, because I'm going to the door and holding it open for her. "Take care of yourself, Mariah."

To my shock, she laughs.

"Oh, you're good," she says huskily. "That's very good. A dare."

"What?"

"Maybe all those rumors about your sexual prowess will prove to be true." I stare at her. Even from ten feet away, I can see her chest rising and falling rapidly. Her golden brown eyes appear black: dilated pupils don't lie.

"You want to, all right." I slam the door. "You want to, but you don't see why you should have to say it." I cross the room in three strides. "You're used to women getting down on their knees for you, right? Going so crazy over you that all you have to do is stand there like some goddamned suffering saint, sighing over all the vulgarity in the world."

I grab her around the waist and yank her hips against me. The sharp edge of her hipbone hits me dead center on the clit.

"I'd do it to you right here," I growl into her ear, "Up against the goddamned wall—except you'd like that too much. I bet you'll like it wherever I do it, because you drip sex, honey. And you know it. So, no, I won't fuck you here, then let you go around saying afterward how none of it was your fault. This is going to be as much your decision as mine, or I'll put a stop to it."

"Liar," she hisses. "You can't prevent yourself from starting."

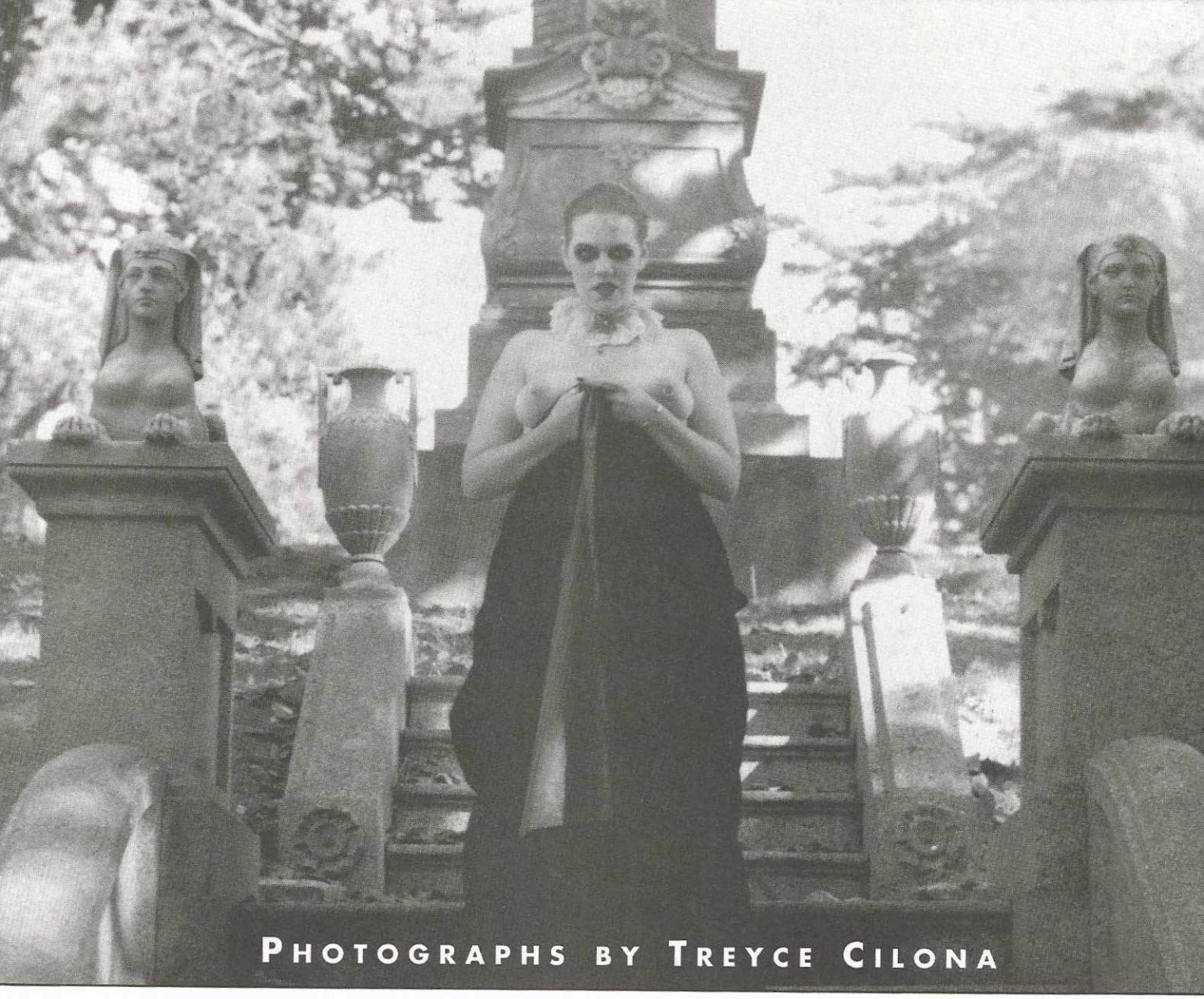
I laugh, in spite of everything. She's quick—in addition to all the rest of what she is, prim and majestic, foul-tempered and vulnerable. This will either be the worst fuck of my life or one of the best.

I pick her up and toss her on the bed. She screams softly, and her arms fly up to cover her breasts.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to force you." I pin her and she gasps. "Much as you'd love to

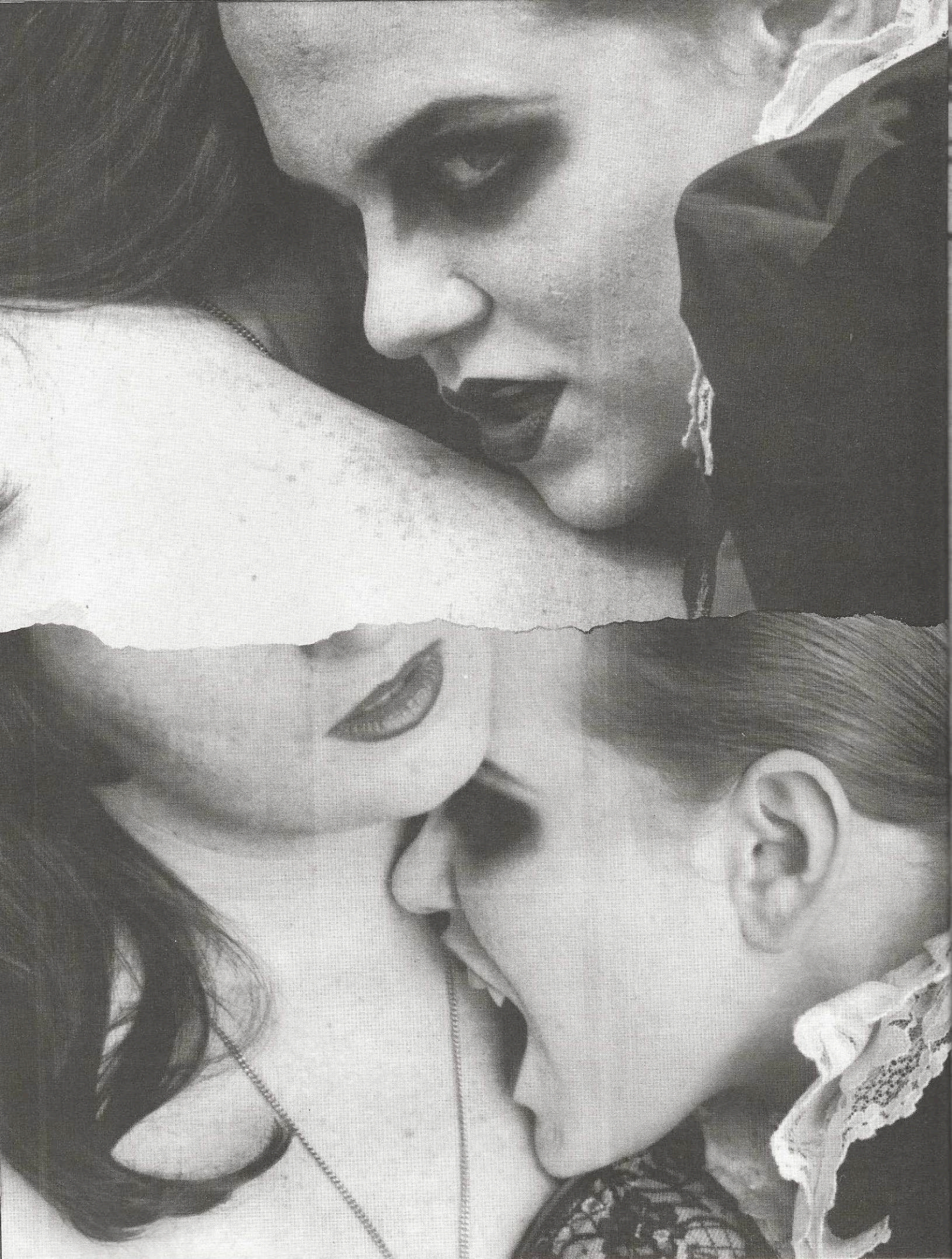
(continued on page 40)

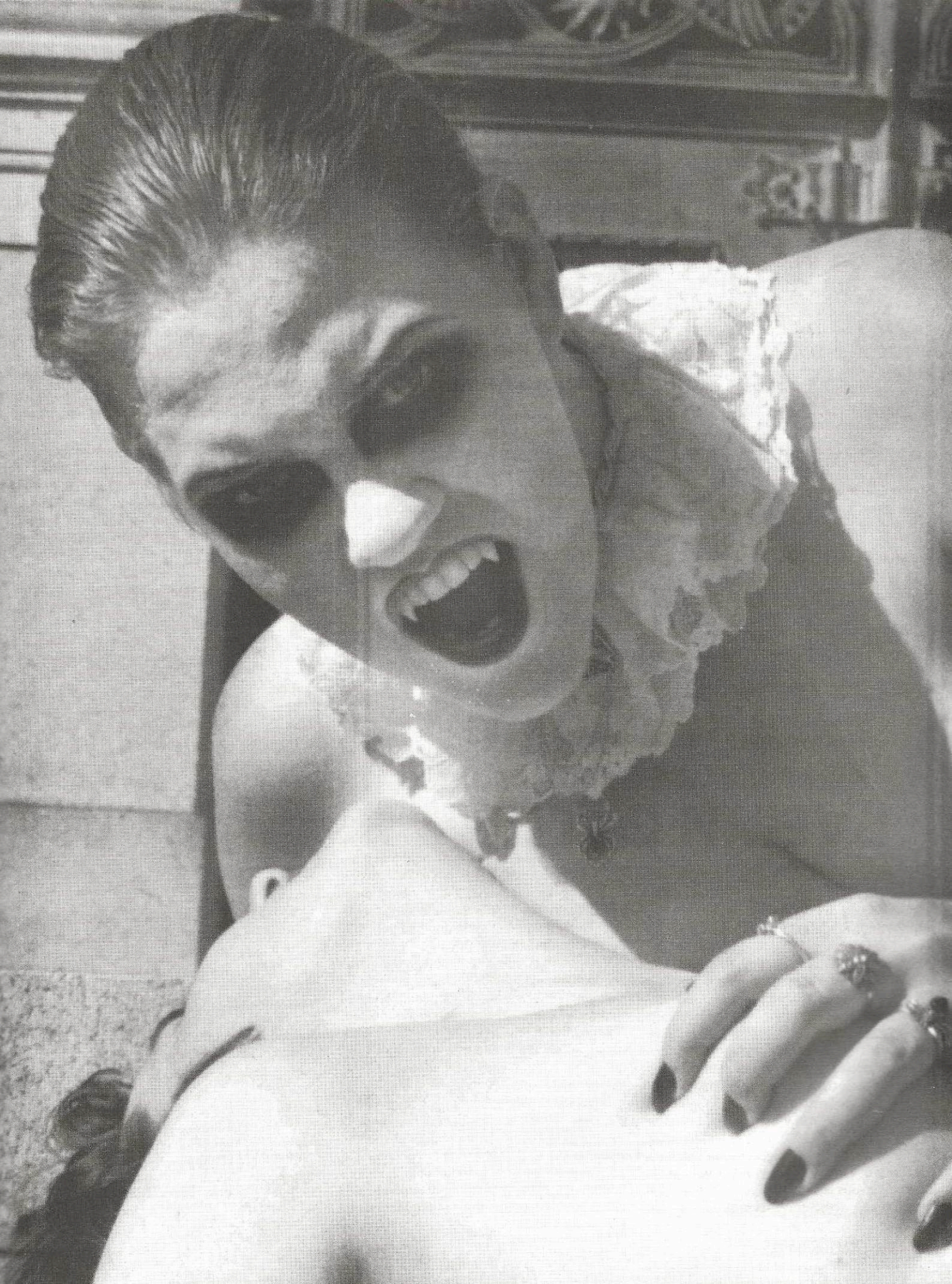
LAURA FEDERICO

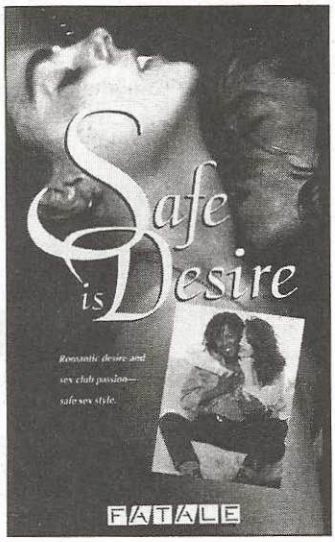


PHOTOGRAPHS BY TREYCE CILONA

SUCKED OFF BY A VAMPIRE







SAFE IS DESIRE

Director Debi Sundahl
Fatale Video

The well lubricated girdle made of plastic wrap (a must for every dyke's sex repertoire) is my favorite part of Fatale's new video *Safe is Desire*. Written and directed by Debi Sundahl and produced by Nan Kinney, *Safe is Desire* stars the lovely, eminently fuckable Christina Lareina as "Allie," an urbanite AIDS education worker, and the near-fire-hazard Darby Michael as "Dione," a back-to-nature-type environmentalist. Considering the dearth of safer sex imagery for women who have sex with women, Fatale's forty-five minute romp through the romance between this interracial pair rectifies the omission from mainstream media of lesbians' experience with HIV/AIDS. It will also jump-start your girlie-engines.

There have been other lesbian safe sex videos: first there was the explicit but all-too-short *Current Flow*, featuring "Shara" poking Annie Sprinkle with gloved hands and sucking her through a dental dam to the tune of Sinead O'Connor's "Just Like I Said It Would Be." Canadians Debbie Douglas and Gabrielle Micallef deserve kudos for directing the first full-fledged narrative about lesbians and HIV that same year, *AnOther Love Story: Women and AIDS*. This video, which (like *Safe is Desire* and *Current Flow*) features a black/white couple and dramatizes their disbelief and anxiety following a doctor's suggestion that one of the women be tested for HIV (Douglas and Micallef forgot to show us any sex, but after all that was only 1990). In 1991 Germany's S.A.F.E. came out with their uneven but honest *Truth or Dare*, a campy video with great doctor get-ups and lots of latex fisting. Last year, the British Unconscious Collective brought us *Well Sexy Women* (still "a work in progress" according to director Lulu Belliveau) which showcases an arousing array of latex use, squirt gun fights and period-piece sex interspersed throughout a somewhat tedious banquet-table discussion about women's health. Finally, Heidi Deming (who also directed the three-minute gem "Jill Jacks Off") protested the exclusion of lesbian work from San Francisco AIDS Foundation's safe sex video contest by submitting her drag king short *Girls Will Be Boys*.

But the latest, hottest and most coherent lesbian safe sex tape to date is *Safe is Desire*. It will also be a boon to lesbian safer sex educators. For example, after the opening argument between Dione and Allie over the use of a dental dam, Dione walks out offering to lock the door. Allie's response is staggering and insightful, full of drama and truth: "That's fine, but right now, my safety isn't being threatened by a stranger." These are the words that lesbians have to believe in order consistently and passionately to practice safer sex. We have been told over and over that just by *being* lesbians we are immune to HIV. In my AIDS education work, I've even heard lesbians talk about HIV prevention as "only sharing needles with other lesbians." I tell them that desire is safe. Fucking without latex and sharing needles with anyone, lesbian or otherwise, is not.

Back to *Safe is Desire*. Attempting to make up after their safe sex spat, our adorable couple ventures out to see the peer education "Safe Sex Sluts" do their do at a sex club in San Francisco. Here's where you'll catch that first glimpse of the plastic wrap creation: the sluts wrap the stuff between their legs, around their waists, do the nasty and then pull it off so they can recycle it into wrist restraints. After the sluts demo, Dione and Allie go upstairs to watch an orgy complete with tattoos, piercings, slapping, strapping, spikes and studs. In *Safe is Desire*, there's something for everyone; if the viewer can't identify with the S/M fantasy, she can identify with Dione and Allie, who don't partake but do stick around and watch.

We even get some lesbian faggotry when one butch leans over to suck another butch's dick. Dyke-fag rapport, in fact, is a repeated theme: in the beginning, when Dione and Allie are making out on their way to the bedroom, Allie's fag housemate comes running out of his room pleading for a condom. We see his trick—and his trick's hard-on—in the background. "How could you get caught without one?" Allie chastises as she reaches into her purse. Although Dione makes a face this time, by the end of the video she is happily accepting a little latex wonder from this same housemate as he passes them in Allie's hallway. In the final scene, the camera takes us to the bedroom where our heroines—turned on by the lust in latex they just witnessed—overcome their safer sex hang up with the SNAP! of a rubber glove.

Fatale is to be applauded for making a video that combines education, sizzle and—a first for lesbian-made porn videos—graphic examples of the overlap between lesbian sexual culture and that of gay men. On top of all this, Deborah Pardes's original soundtrack is full of emotional rapture. *Safe is Desire* proves what I tell the health educators in my HIV media workshops: we believe what we see, not what we hear. Just do it. Desire is safe. Be that way.

—Catherine Saalfield

ARRESTING IMAGES: IMPOLITIC ART AND UNCIVIL ACTIONS

Steven C. Dubin
Routledge

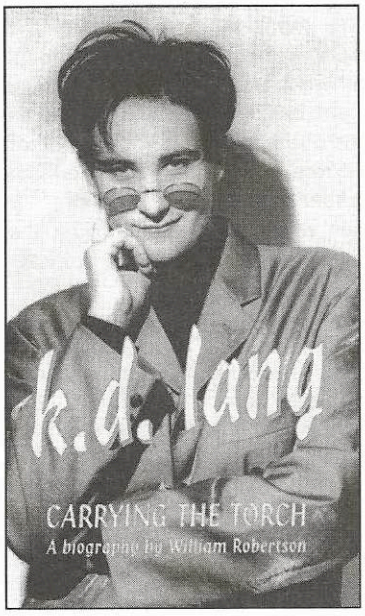
For Steven C. Dubin, author of *Arresting Images: Impolitic Art and Uncivil Actions*, no art is intrinsically outrageous. By looking at recent controversial art—including Jock Sturges's photos of nude children and Karen Finley's adventures with yams—Dubin isolates the social factors that trigger public outrage and repression.

In a chapter on the National Endowment for the Arts, Dubin attempts to provide an impartial overview of the complexity of national funding. According to Dubin, the conflict between the NEA and "minority" artists is compounded by the fractured identity of the NEA itself, whose board is split between an elitist vision promoting "quality art" and a populist voice arguing for diversity and access.

The case of "Witnesses: Against our Vanishing," a show that featured a number of artists dying of AIDS, demonstrates what is at stake in the censorship debate. Critics were offended by David Wojnarowicz's "Post Cards from America: X-rays from Hell," a revenge fantasy aimed at public figures who have hindered the availability of safe sex information. While the NEA debated funding the show, people died. As for Steven Dubin's account, his impartiality may be a laudable quality in a journalist, but it is impossible to presume any equity between the government and these artists. Where is David Wojnarowicz now?

Arresting Images may provide the resources—but not the passion—that we need to fight censorship in the future.

—Holly Willis



K.D. LANG: CARRYING THE TORCH

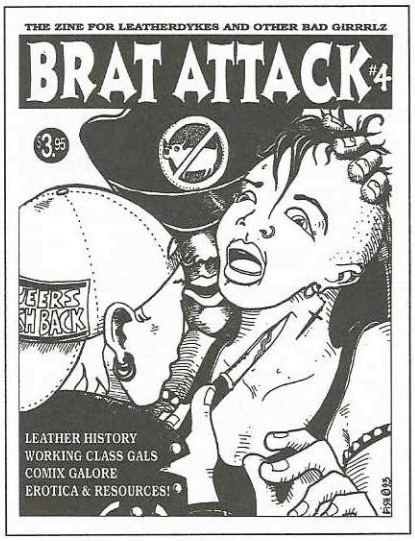
William Robertson
Toronto: ECW Press, 1993

Hey k.d. fans! Are you looking for those details about lang's life that you just can't get enough of? The book you've been waiting for is here. Read about the time Kathy Dawn got her braces caught in a volleyball net after a spike. Nod knowingly at the girls' basketball team picture which proves what we all suspected: k.d. has always been a girljock. Biographer William Robertson has saved fans a lot of homework by compiling in one source concert reviews, interviews, critiques by other artists (including Ann Magnuson) and, of course, gossip.

But for those of you who want to know more abut how this jazz-cum-country singer will reinvent herself as a dyke dreamboy—especially after her *Vanity Fair* fling with Cindy Crawford—Robertson's biography gives only a hint. More disappointingly, what this biography lacks is lang's own voice. I was left wondering if Robertson had any contact with lang directly, since he never quotes her to support his interpretations of her rise to stardom or her reputation as a sexual changeling.

"Torch" is defined as "a sentimental song of unrequited love, as in carrying the torch for someone." Robertson certainly carries a biographer's torch for his subject; there's no evidence, though, that his relationship with k.d. is mutual. Those of you who want more than a good background study will have to do what Robertson must: wait for her autobiography.

—Mimi=Freed



BRAT ATTACK

Edited by Fish
San Francisco, CA 94140

I was first *Brat-attack*ed at the 'zine section of San Francisco's s lesbian and gay bookstore by the mean-assed leatherwoman on the cover. Clothespin hanging off her tit, she pointed at me and commanded me to "Buy It!" I obeyed. But now bad girls and their admirers will no longer have to hunt down *Brat Attack* in specialty bookstores. Equipped with a new printed format, this "do it yourself S/M" 'zine for leatherdykes will make itself palatable to retailers and—more importantly—available to lonely perverts wherever they may roam.

Brat Attack may no longer be xeroxed and hand-collated but, if the prose-poem in the latest issue "Why I Play With My Cunt" (in which author Lovechild explains "because whores became expensive") is at all indicative, the magazine will remain decidedly in-your-face. The drawings by editor Fish and Terry Sapp are the bread and butter of the magazine: they are the perfect (and well-executed) vehicle for S/M's penchant for fantasy, danger and play. Contributions from S/M luminaries like Pat Califia round out this delicious subcultural repast.

If I could terrify and arouse you as much as that leatherdyke on the cover of my first *Brat Attack* did me, I'd order you to buy it. To get *Brat Attack*, put pressure on your local bookseller or send twelve bucks to Brat Attack, P.O. Box 40745, San Francisco, CA 94149-0754 (cash or money order only).

—Heather Findlay

Safe Is Desire

ACTRESS CHRISTINA VICKORY IN PERSON
Video screening and discussion

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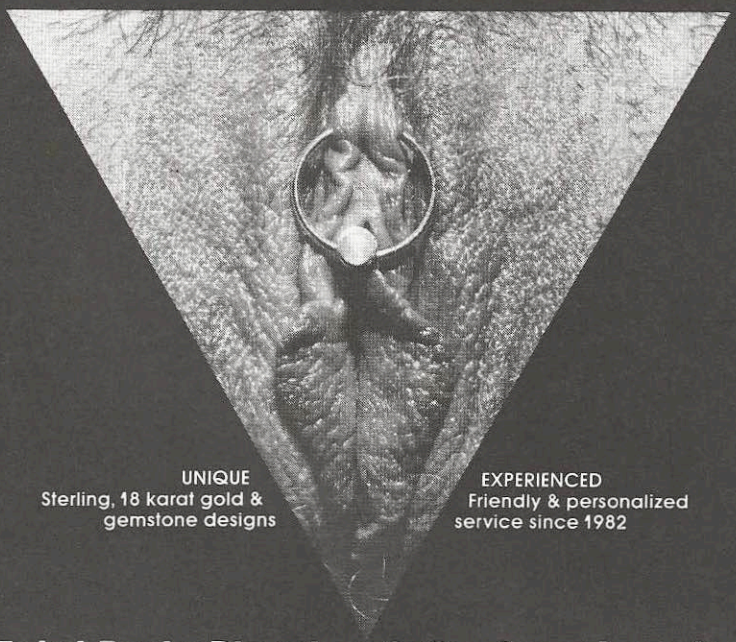
RAELYN GALLINA



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(continued from page 22)

witch hunts facilitated the rise of our modern, male-dominated medical profession. Others contend that among the first targets of the witch hunters were independent women: widows, unmarried women and probably lesbians [see sidebar]. This means that even when victims of the witch burnings were not practicing Wicce, they were very likely the sex and gender outlaws of their time. For many women who fit that profile today, the historical context Wicce provides is politically as well as spiritually powerful.

Our queer brothers, too, have spiritual history in Wicce. The term "faggot," an archaic word meaning "a bundle of sticks," is a grisly reminder that the fates of marginalized people are often linked: it is said that gay men were sometimes bound and burned along with Witches because sodomites were thought to create the only flame foul enough to burn a Witch. Many gay men today revere both the Goddess and Wicce's male deity, the Horned God, whom they see as an image of sacred male sexuality.

Sex and Wiccan Philosophy

Today's lesbian Witches see themselves as carrying on the traditions of the medieval healers, herbalists and heretics who were persecuted in the Inquisition. Lesbian Wiccans also give the lie to Christian-inspired stereotypes about Witchcraft. None of them, for example, worship Satan. In fact, many lesbian Witches don't even acknowledge the Horned God. A fair number of them are Dianics who focus solely on women's spirituality and the Goddess. Beelzebub is not invited into their rituals nor their beds. In fact, lesbian Wicce undermines Christian stereotypes most radically by insisting on putting women first, not only sexually but also spiritually. If Christianity were to acknowledge that Witchcraft is a woman centered, feminist theology, it might give people the idea that there are alternatives to patriarchal religion—not to mention compulsory heterosexuality.

Philosphically, Wicce differs drastically from Judeo-Christians religions. One Wiccan creation myth places the Goddess, like God in the Christian version, along in an empty universe. But unlike Jehova's manic, asexual week of world-making, in the Wiccan myth the Goddess sees her reflection in the vast, black mirror of space. She reaches out, desiring to make love to the beautiful woman she sees. As she touches her reflection the world comes into being, and it is from this explosion of narcissistic/lesbian desire that creation occurs.

Here, in the sexual arena, lies Wicce's greatest differences from Jehovanist religion, which has nothing in its teachings to compare with "All acts of love and pleasure are My rituals." This may be one of the Craft's greatest attractions for Westerners—especially queer ones—who have grown up under the influence of sex-negative and homophobic

Christian values. After all, the same system that gave us the Inquisition and the witch burnings is responsible for sodomy laws and our society's deeply instituted misogyny. This means that even if we grew up in a non-Christian home, we've still been deeply influenced by the Judeo-Christian definition of acceptable—i.e., marital, reproductive—sex. For me, sexuality proved early to be the shaping force in my life, and only a spiritual system that honored my sexuality could ever have been acceptable to me.

In Christian terms we are flawed and naughty if we are alternatively sexual, and especially if we're sluts, whores, or queers. God forbid that, like me, we should be all three! But Goddess scholars say that sexually free women and gay men had special roles in ancient Goddess-worshiping cultures, and that whores were often temple priestesses who invited supplicants to enjoy the sexual favors of the Goddess.

Unlike Christianity, Wicce presents sex and the body as sacred. Starhawk, whose book *The Spiral Dance* inspired many in the new generation of Wicce, tells me that "our capacity for pleasure and sharing pleasure is a deep part of how we access the Goddess. So our morality is very different from that of fundamentalist religious traditions. Our morality emphasizes being responsible, and taking care of each other on all different levels, like having safe sex and taking care of your own and other's boundaries, which is one thing we do when we cast a circle."

"Saying sex is sacred doesn't mean anything goes," continues Starhawk, "or that the Craft is a place to go to cruise.... Magic teaches that to raise energy you need a boundary around it, and you need to ground it in some way. The energy needs to be reciprocal, and the Craft teaches that sexuality is really about an exchange of energy. You can have an erotic exchange with a rock or a tree or a flower."

Starhawk is implying that, in Wicce, erotic energy can be experienced genitally and non-genitally (through the breath, the eyes, the entire body) and with human or non-human partners. I, for one, have experienced erotic divinity in animals. I've also had sex with the sea: once, as I waded into a warm southern ocean, I experienced it making love to me purposefully, holding me as I stood and lapping at my cunt. I've also carried on love affairs non-genitally, through breath and eye contact.

Cynics might complain that, for people who are uncomfortable with their sexuality, Wiccan sexual morality may become an excuse *not* to revel in the body. If an erotic exchange is possible with a field of flowers, and if lust can be satisfied by breathing and eye contact, will that give us an excuse to avoid sticky fingers, deep fucking and orgasms? And by saying that the Craft is not a place to cruise, is Starhawk playing on our prejudices about free sexual expression?

Perhaps, but those drawn to Wicce are

(continued on page 48)

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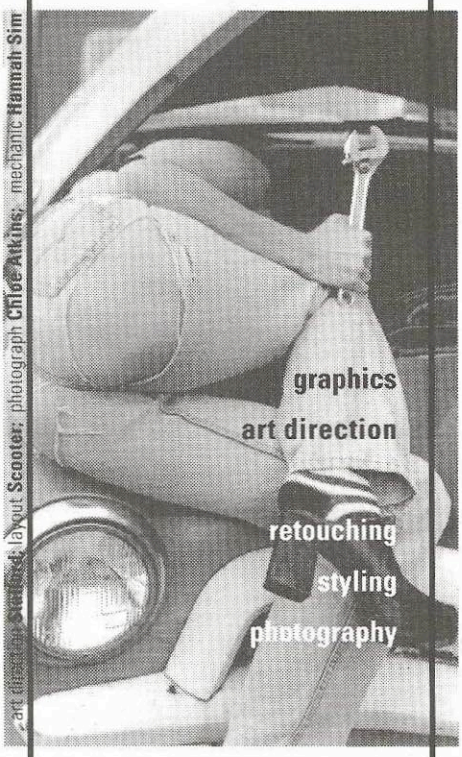

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HAIL MARIAH (from page 31)

play martyr; I won't make it that easy on you."

My hand slides under her skirt which covers my wrist like the hood of an old-fashioned camera. My free hand is buried in the tangle of her hair when I realize all at once that I can't get at her. At *her*. What is she, I ask myself, silently panicking: some succulent bog, from which I'll never escape? Or the opposite, an exotic country that I'll never quite be able to reach?

I yank my hand out from under her filmy skirts—flex it in the open air, then reach down and tear the dress off her in a single, furious motion. She flinches in surprise, maybe even fear, as all those tiny metal clasps hit the bed bouncing, like fleas. Her silver belt zings off with a whine and lands somewhere on the floor. I ball up the dress and shoot it across the room.

"Much better," I smile.

She reclines on the white bedspread, looking up at me, breathing hard and thoroughly acquiescent, in a thin white lace slip. Nothing underneath. I catch my breath all over again at the sight of her. I've never seen so much of her skin before. She has that smooth tight skin Mediterranean women have, its color and gloss like a pecan shell. Her black hair spills over her shoulders and her gleaming teeth grip her lower lip. There's nothing soft about this one.

"Well, Alex." Her voice is hushed. "What are you waiting for?"

In a flash the reverence is gone, replaced with lust. I reach for her.

Her thighs jerk together. Squeezing her eyes shut, she snaps her head to one side, then lies motionless.

"What the fuck is it with you?" I explode. "What are you, some goddamned nun in training?"

Her eyes fly open. "Don't say that, Alex," she gasps. "Don't. It's a sin."

I gape at her. She's serious.

"You should've told me you were Catholic."

"Why?"

"Because..."

Because I'm Presbyterian, and the deal we make when it comes to sex is that we'll just suppress it—get some work done instead. It took me all my youth and most of my 20s to beat that one.

Catholicism is different; sexual at the heart, maybe that's why I have such a fondness for sloe-eyed Latin types like the one wriggling under me now. Spanish, Italian, South American, they all make my knees go weak, and they fill my blue eyes with tears of adoration. Catholicism says: *You'll do it. You must try to resist, but you're weak and you'll do it, and then you're going to enjoy it. Confess and submit to the ritual of atonement.* Now that's hot stuff.

"Because it matters," I say finally.

I press my mouth against her neck. She's salty and fresh and warm—and to my shock, as soft as any other woman. Softer, in fact, than most. The bones under her skin are fragile and light. For the first time, I feel a surge of tenderness towards her.

"Mariah," I whisper, "wrap your legs around me."

After a second's hesitation, she does. I feel her sigh, and her hips rise ever so subtly under mine.

"Good girl."

I kiss her mouth. Again, the tiny wait, and then her lips open. Cautious. And she's feeling everything, the surface of her skin alive with a fine prickling electricity that communicates itself to my fingertips. She ripples under me and a breath pours out of her in a sigh.

My hands travel down the length of her. Everywhere I touch reacts. She's panting already and I've scarcely touched her. I marvel inwardly: what a fight she gave. Maybe it was worth protecting after all, this exquisite sensitivity, and the bashfulness of a girl on Confirmation day.

I slide my hands under her slip. She stiffens, but doesn't draw back then begins to moan. Almost inaudibly; involuntarily. Yet, she hasn't really given in, and my blood quickens with the challenge of it.

Perhaps this too is a part of her game. But what she doesn't realize is that even this, what she's giving me now, is better than I expected, so I can't lose.

My hands fit perfectly over her breasts. They're smooth and heavy. Her full nipples rise in the cupped heat of my palms. Her spirit and temperament may be virginal, but her body isn't. The way she arches her back, the way her black hair lashes at the white pillow, arouses a violence in me but also the opposite, something like worship.

The violence wins. My jaw begins to clench as the coiled force in my muscles build. I struggle to keep my touch gentle but my teeth graze the tendons of her neck, my hands thrust under her and grip her ass, and I know this is a battle I've lost. The hunger has been in me too long.

She writhes underneath me, her thighs grafted together. Her joined heels strike the mattress. She pummels my chest with her fists yet again I sense she doesn't mean it.

I catch her wrists neatly and pin them over her head. "You can't say it, can you? Not even to yourself. You can't admit that you want this as much as I do." I lean down into her face. The closed-eyes routine again. "It's fine if I take it from you. But the minute that word 'yes' crosses your mind..."

"Stop," she says through gritted teeth.

"Oh no," I breathe. "Every little girl is taught to say 'stop.' It's the word 'yes' that women have been choking on for centuries."

I shove my hand sideways between her clamped thighs.

"Come on, Mariah. Tell me. How much do you hate this, exactly?"

"Fuck you."

I grip one of her inner thighs feeling the sweat and heat. "Don't you see? We're never going to own our destiny if we don't own our desire. It's who we are, baby."

She shudders all over then looks as though she might shove me off her after all.

"Open your legs," I say.

She whimpers.

"Oh, hell," I reach down and haul them apart. She's wet, of course—drenched.

"God, Mariah," I groan.

My fingers drive into her silky moisture, and the hot walls of her cunt fold around my knuckles, her acidity tingling my skin. I can feel her inner quivering—a call beckoning me deeper. I follow; God knows I have no choice.

She arches back. Her hips soar up off the bed and her thighs stretch wide apart. I watch her hands reach down to grasp the damp bend of her knees, and a jolt races through me. She holds herself like this, lifting up to meet my thrusts.

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph," I gasp, under my breath.

Liquid gushes out of her, filling my cupped palm and sliding down my wrist. My breath stops. I pump harder, hitting the same spot, demanding more. She gives. Again. Again. My thumb finds her clit. I massage it slowly and her thighs fold inward around my hand.

"Too hard?" I ask her. Her response is to fling her bent arm across her eyes.

So, I watch her closely. She keeps her face covered but when I get it right she parts her legs again, shyly.

I smile down at her. What she's told me to do without words, I do. She swells under my thumb. I can see her pink niblet nestled in her dark hair.

"Come on, sweetheart," I hiss, "give it to me."

I move my fingers more urgently and she responds. Shoulders, ass, everything, rising off the bed and falling again—I'm swooning. The shine of her ruby labia, opening to my hand, dazzles me. I push my whole fist into her and she shrieks.

"Yes, Alex, yes, oh God, please don't stop," she's choking. "Please don't stop now."

"I've got you, sweetheart." I cradle the moist back of her neck while my fist continues to drive into her.

Suddenly she clamps down. My fingers are squeezed to powder, God she's ferocious, and I'm almost laughing. *Come on, Baby. Do it.*

She does, in a final hot gush of fluid. I collapse against her raised knees, exhausted and jubilant.

There's a stretch of time I can't account for. Each of us floats off alone. I'm dimly aware of her warm skin and hard bone under my cheek; my breathing returns to normal. We billow gently back down to earth together.

Finally, without either of us having moved, I sense she's opened her eyes. I open my own to find her gaze full on me, soft now and I smile at her. She drops her gaze shyly.

"I said it, Alex."

Her voice is almost inaudible.

"Yeah, you did. It wasn't so bad, was it?" I ask. "So what now, eh? You're gonna spend all day tomorrow saying Hail Marys and Our Fathers, or whatever it is you fallen women say?"

She laughs. I realize then that I've never heard a real laugh from her. "You might have to give me more to repent for," she says, "if I'm going to go through all that."

"Baby," I tell her, "say the word and I will stain your soul beyond reprieve."

She laughs again, but covers her eyes with her hands. Luscious woman—and my fist still in her. I feel a poem coming on.

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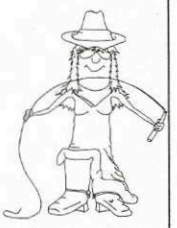

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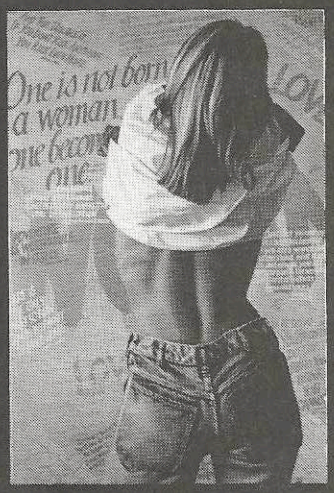

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THE ARRIVAL (from page 29)

I wait until you reach for me, pull me close, and whisper how you've missed me. I return your embrace and feel your heart quicken as you squeeze me a moment before pulling back to look into my eyes once again, a moment before you wrap your fingers in my hair and bring my lips to yours. From the possession of your mouth I protest, aware of the stares—two women making out in the midst of the airport hubbub; how shocking we must seem. I attempt to pull away, more for my sake than theirs, but your hold on me is strong and the force of your kiss is making me dizzy; there is nowhere to go anyway. Your tongue searches my mouth and teases my lips until I find it hard to breathe and hold myself up at the same time. My cunt tightens in anticipation; the burning fire travels through my body to my clit, building into a pyre that burns through my whole pelvic region. I am getting really turned on...and then abruptly you push me away mid-kiss, just as I'm about to surrender to the intoxication of your tongue. I start to pout, but you walk away from me with a rapid stride, and I have to run to catch up. As we walk, we talk a little, chit-chat about the flight and the weather. I am relieved to be quiet for the moment, because I know what will be coming very soon.

Your look turns cold. "Why are you dressed like a whore? You look like you should be out on the streets turning tricks. Maybe you need to get fucked. How 'bout it baby, you need me to fuck you good?"

I am trembling now, aware that I'm on dangerous ground. "Don't you like it Susannah? I played dress-up just for you."

"Yeah, me and anybody else who wants to take a look. You're feeling sleazy today, huh baby? Wantin' to show off that precious body just made for fucking. Who do you want? How about that creep who's giving you the eye? He looks likely." Your pace is even faster now, and I'm falling behind, frantically trying to maneuver through the crowd without losing you.

"Oh no Susannah, I swear, this is all for you. I just wanted to turn you on." Can you even hear me, I wonder?

"Don't lie to me. I know you want men to look at you. Maybe what I give you isn't good enough. You want it all, don't you, cock and cunt."

We're nearly out of the airport by now. You stop for a drink of water, and announce that you have to piss. We enter the bathroom together; it's nearly deserted. There is a woman at the mirror contorting her face to apply lipstick, and another, detectable only by her feet in one of the stalls; other than that, it's just you and me.

You walk into a stall and gesture for me to follow. "Don't argue with me," you hiss in a half-whisper, "you're feeling like a slut and every slut wants to be fucked—am I right?"

My trembling has shifted into shaking. After all, it's true. I do want to be fucked. I want to be filled. I want to be wanted.

"Yes, Susannah." My answer is almost inaudible. I cast my eyes down, hoping that you won't hit me, praying that you will.

"You're not even wearing underwear, are you?"

"No Susannah. I wanted my cunt to be available for you."

The first slap lands squarely on my left jawbone. "Shut up. Only answer with 'yes Susannah' or 'no Susannah'—understand?"

"Yes, Susannah."

You act as if you haven't even heard my answer, busying yourself with unzipping your flight bag. With a satisfied look, you position yourself on the edge of the toilet and sit down.

"Okay baby, put your leg up here on the porcelain and let me look at your cunt. Oh yes, you are beautiful. Give me your hand; now spread your lips for me. Ooh, you're glistening. Your cunt is so juicy. How come, you slut? Does the prospect of getting worked over excite you?"

"Oh yes Susannah."

You appear totally disinterested as you address my pulsating pussy, directing your comments to my clit. "Good girl—but not yet. You'll get what you need soon enough."

I can feel the softness of your breath on my pubic hair as you speak, and I push myself forward, silently pleading with you to take me in your mouth. Your tongue flits lightly across my clit, eliciting a moan from deep inside my belly.

"Shut up! this is a public bathroom."

The tug on my hair is enough to bring tears to my eyes and silence to my throat. You return your attention to my cunt, this time plunging your tongue deep into my damp heat. You squeeze my ass and I can't help it; my body starts to move— grinding against your chin, your lips, your teeth. My eyes are closed, and all I know is this rhythm. It feels so fucking good! Your finger has found its way into the tight little hole behind my pussy, and I work hard to keep myself from screaming with pleasure. I slide against the wall in order to hold myself up, wedged between the cold metal and your insistent probing.

Your motions are quickening; you have a finger in each hole now, and you begin to give me the fucking I crave. No longer sucking, I can hear and feel your breath, penetrating me through my vulva. As you stand up, I smell the sex in the air. You lean your chin,dripping with my juice, into my neck, and thrust into me with your fingers, your hips, your whole body; the palm of your hand is pressing down hard on my clit. Oh goddess, it's so good, I think I'm going to come. Oh yes, oh yes, oh no, oh fuck!

Suddenly, nothing. No touch, no motion, nothing. I could cry in frustration. I was so close! I open my eyes to see you bending over, rummaging through your leather bag. You catch me looking at you.

"What are you looking at? Keep your eyes closed!"

You stand up, giving me another slap, harder than the last, and another. My cheeks are burning, but my cunt is burning hotter. I'm uncomfortable from standing in heels for so long, and pissed at you for leaving me hanging, but I'm

afraid to move and provoke your anger any more. I do as you say, closing my eyes and waiting for your touch. At last I feel your hands on my shoulders.

"Turn around."

I'm grateful for the chance to move; my body is stiff and cold from leaning against the stall.

"Bend over."

Oh no! You're not going to spank me here, in a restroom at the airport. Suddenly I realize it isn't spanking you're preparing me for.

"Oh Susannah, not my ass, not here, please, no."

I want it, but it seems downright nasty to get butt-fucked in such a public place. I still consider myself to be a good Catholic dyke.

"Please Susannah, be good to me."

"I am being good to you honey. I'm giving you just what you need. Be a good girl and take it quietly. Or would you rather I spanked you?"

I'm silent. I can't believe you are really doing this. You slip the dildo into my wet cunt, and I sigh in relief and pleasure.

"Oh good, she's changed her mind," I think.

In a flash you are out and pushing the slippery silicone cock into my most tender muscle. Your hands grab my waist, pulling me onto you. Oh god it hurts, but it's so good; now I don't want you to stop,ever.

"You see honey, I know what you need. you like it, don't you? C'mon, take it all in. Ride, girlfriend, ride."

I heave my body back to meet your thrust. The dildo is buried in my ass, the tip of it pushing against my belly. The tension builds as you trigger the secret, sensitive places inside my hole, and I work hard for the release just out of reach. Together we move, no words, just breathing, until I feel the sweet beginnings of prickly heat spreading from my ass to my cunt, flooding me with waves of ecstatic sensation. I'm climbing, higher and higher, pushing through the levels, reaching—and then I'm falling, falling into myself, into you, coming with an intensity that shakes my soul. "Oh god oh god oh god it's so good."

I'm spent. I would fall, but you pull out and catch me.

"What a good girl you are," you murmur.

I can't even respond; I lay in your arms like a little child, savoring the last traces of an incredible orgasm. After awhile, I come back to the present world and smile at you.

"Thank you, Susannah. You were right. You always know just what I need."

We hold each other close and kiss. The game is over, for now. We rearrange our clothes, and leave the stall together. Arm in arm, we walk slowly to the car. I change into jeans and a sweatshirt, then we're off to start our day.

So Susannah, what do you think? Are you hard yet? This fantasy should keep us both happy for a little while. No? Well, there's a plane leaving at 8:45 a.m. tomorrow; it gets in at 12 noon, exactly.

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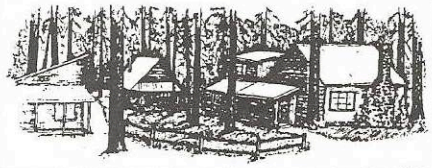

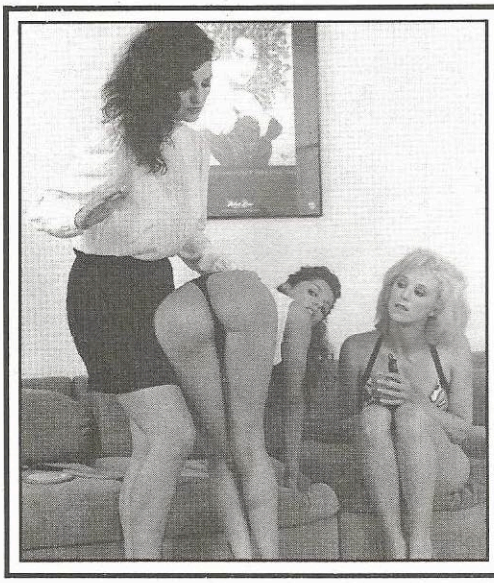

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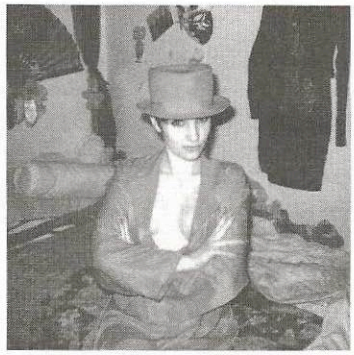

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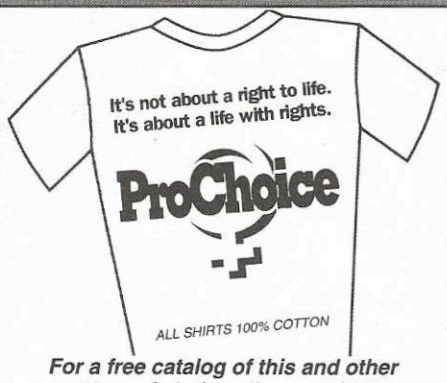

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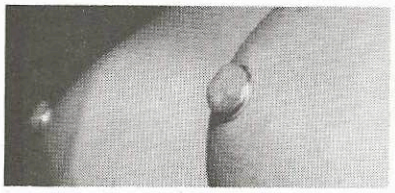

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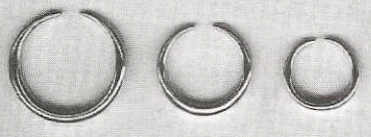

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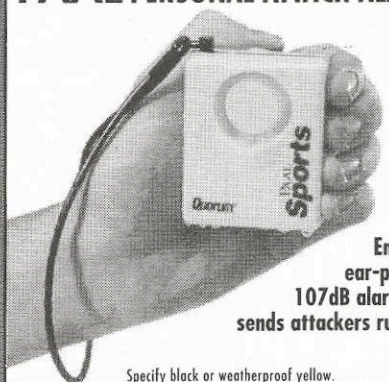

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(continued from page 39)

rarely driven by a fear of sex, and it's more likely that this animist sexual world view will open people's erotic potential more than limit it. What's wrong with seeing the Goddess in your Hitachi? In my Wiccan erotic experiences, I am as likely to have an orgasm as I would be with a human lover, enjoying body stimulation. Saying the Craft is not a place to cruise, moreover, is true only if cruising is seen as an activity without sexual and spiritual balance.

Indeed, too often cruising is devoid of any spiritual exchange, and someone who thinks that because Witches revere sex they are bound to want to have sex with anyone will quickly have her bubble burst. "Anything goes" has a natural delimiter within Wicca: the boundary that Starhawk talks about is, in its simplest sense, consensuality. An important Craft principle, a sort of Witch's golden rule is, "as long as you harm no one, do as you will."

Still, the Wiccan connection between sex and spirituality has its articulate critics. Pat Califia, for example, has argued that some use pagan spirituality to excuse the sex, particularly in the case of S/M. "It's exciting," she writes, "to live in a time when monotheistic, male-dominated religions are being challenged and people are seeking guidance from the natural world and its Creatrix. Sex is a powerful force, and I think it's healthy for people to counter the prudery of the Jehovah cults by incorporating pleasure into their rituals. But shame is very hard to eliminate. I sometimes see it cropping up when spirituality is used to rationalize or excuse S/M. Sex does not need to be justified... Some of the latex shamans are using occult jargon to sanitize S/M and make it sound like something more refined than a complex and unusual way to get off."

Dykes in Today's Witch Cults

Because of their belief that male and female energies are required in equal measure to perform ritual magic, some branches of Wicca, particularly those in Britain described by T.M. Lehrmann in her book *Persuasions of the Witches' Craft*, mandate gender balance in covens. Some of these groups are downright homophobic and go so far as to exclude homosexuals from their organizations. Others, because of the strict polarity of their boy-girl, boy-girl emphasis, simply leave no comfortable space for gay and lesbian adherents .

As present-day Wicce developed, however, feminist and queer offshoots began to form, leaving their stamp on the Craft's world view. Rowan Fairgrove, a lesbian witch, remembers when she discovered lesbian-feminist Wicca at a festival in the early seventies. In those days, male-female polarity was the rule. But Fairgrove recalls that one Wiccan journal, *The Rowan Tree*, included a gay supplement called *The Other Pages*. This section of the journal emphasized that followers should think about Wiccan ritual in a new, non-heterosexist way. Fairgrove explains that the gist of *The Other Pages* was that "you can get into magical space without being opposites." Moreover, to make magic one need not reduce all polarities to male vs. female. As Fairgrove puts it: "*The Other Pages* encouraged people to think in terms like, 'how does the ocean feel moving against the beach? How does the beach feel with the waves lapping at it, teasing?'"

This attempt to revamp the erotically charged, but potentially exclusive male-female polarity may sound familiar to anyone who has read Joan Nestle's defense of butch-femme in lesbian relationships. In fact, today's gender bending dyke community might easily develop a new ritual by honoring the randy Horned God energy in the butch, and the

Witches and the Horned God.

nurturing—but still desirous—Goddess energy in the femme. Those lesbians who don't identify with butch-femme can do away with gender polarities altogether.

In any case, dyke involvement in Wicca has increased steadily. Starhawk estimates that now lesbians comprise about the same proportion of the Craft as they do society at large, and that (again, as in the larger society) many Witches are bisexual. My guess is that the percentage is even higher. As for the racial make-up of Wicce, most Witches are Anglo-European, though there are equally vital spiritual systems based on Afro-Haitian, Brazilian, Native American and other indigenous traditions. These systems fit more or less comfortably under the Pagan umbrella and attract primarily—though not exclusively—people of color.

Fairgrove stresses that this shift toward the celebration of sexual diversity was just waiting to happen, and that it is a natural progression of the philosophy already held by Wiccans. "The Goddess says, '*All* acts of love and pleasure are My rituals.' There is no negative view of sexuality and the body in Wicce. The presence of Dianics doesn't seem to be a problem nationally except in a few very conservative pockets."

Z Budapest, however, maintains that queer witches have struck more than a few disharmonious chords. "I reestablished the Dianics," she reports, "a very ancient tradition, and the hets were very upset about it. They were threatened." An out lesbian, Z Budapest calls her Dianic blend "Wimmin's religion," and hails Wicce as empowering to women, both socially and sexually. I saw her Goddess slideshow fifteen years ago and remember one thing above all: she showed us a picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe and advised us to squint at it. "See," she said, "see how she looks like a cunt? There, her head is the clit, her robes are the labia, and the rays all around her are the hair!" Singlehandedly, Z released the Catholic Goddess of all the anti-sex baggage she had been made to bear.

Many Witches are attracted to the Craft for both spiritual and sexual reasons. But there is another draw to Wicce: magic. Referring to the etymological roots of Wicce, which meant "to bend," Margot Adler's *Drawing Down the Moon* defines a Witch as "a woman (or man) skilled in the craft of shaping, bending, and changing reality." Witches might use magic to acquire wealth or a lover, but the object of witchcraft is just as likely be to healing the earth, fighting homophobia or bringing an end to patriarchy. Z Budapest, in fact, claims credit for the arrest of a serial killer who was preying on women in the Oakland, CA hillsides. If you learn Witchcraft a la Z, you will have the satisfaction of being a magical agent for feminism.

Magic and politics aside, perhaps nothing means more to lesbian witches than this: in the Craft, spirituality can be explored and honored without sacrificing their sexuality. In a religious philosophy where feminine desire can birth the world, lesbian desire can be very sacred indeed. In the words of Z Budapest, "sexuality is a spiritual path by itself. It is the same place, where our sexuality and spirituality live."

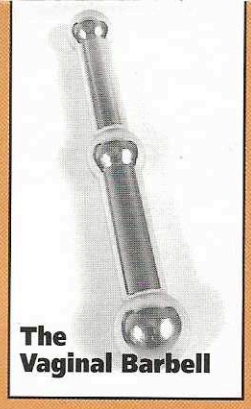
Take a Goddess to Bed Tonight

Perhaps you are not a Wiccan at heart, and perhaps you don't want to mess with magic potions. What does Wicce have to offer you, then, and can you take it to bed with you?

My Wiccan sex tip is simple. Try taking the Witches' belief that we are all connected to the divine. You can, if you wish, burn some incense. (If you have access to a pagan shop, ask for the proprieter's suggestion for a scent to enhance lovemaking.) Light some candles. Imagine a circle around your bed (or wherever you're doing it). Then, when you reach for lover, tell yourself that you are touching a goddess. She is Goddess, and you are Goddess, and all of your sexual desires are perfect and divine. In touching your lover and bringing her pleasure you are both honoring the Goddess in her. As you touch yourself, because you too are connected to the Goddess, you are also worshiping the divine.

If your tastes run towards s/m, you can be goddesses one at a time, and don't forget the binding and scourging.

Sex magic, in its simplest and most easily accessible form, is simply behaving as though sex were magic. And that shouldn't be too difficult, because it already is.



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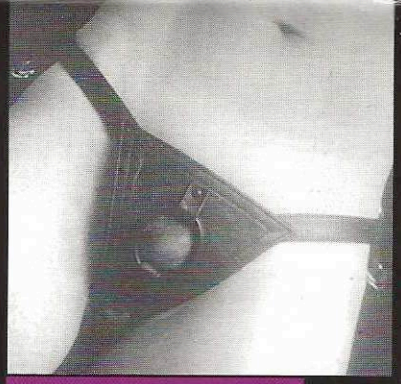

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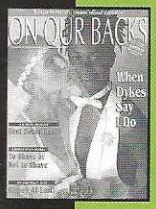

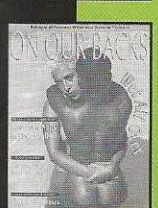

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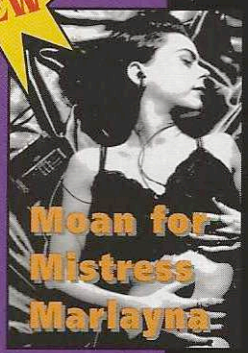

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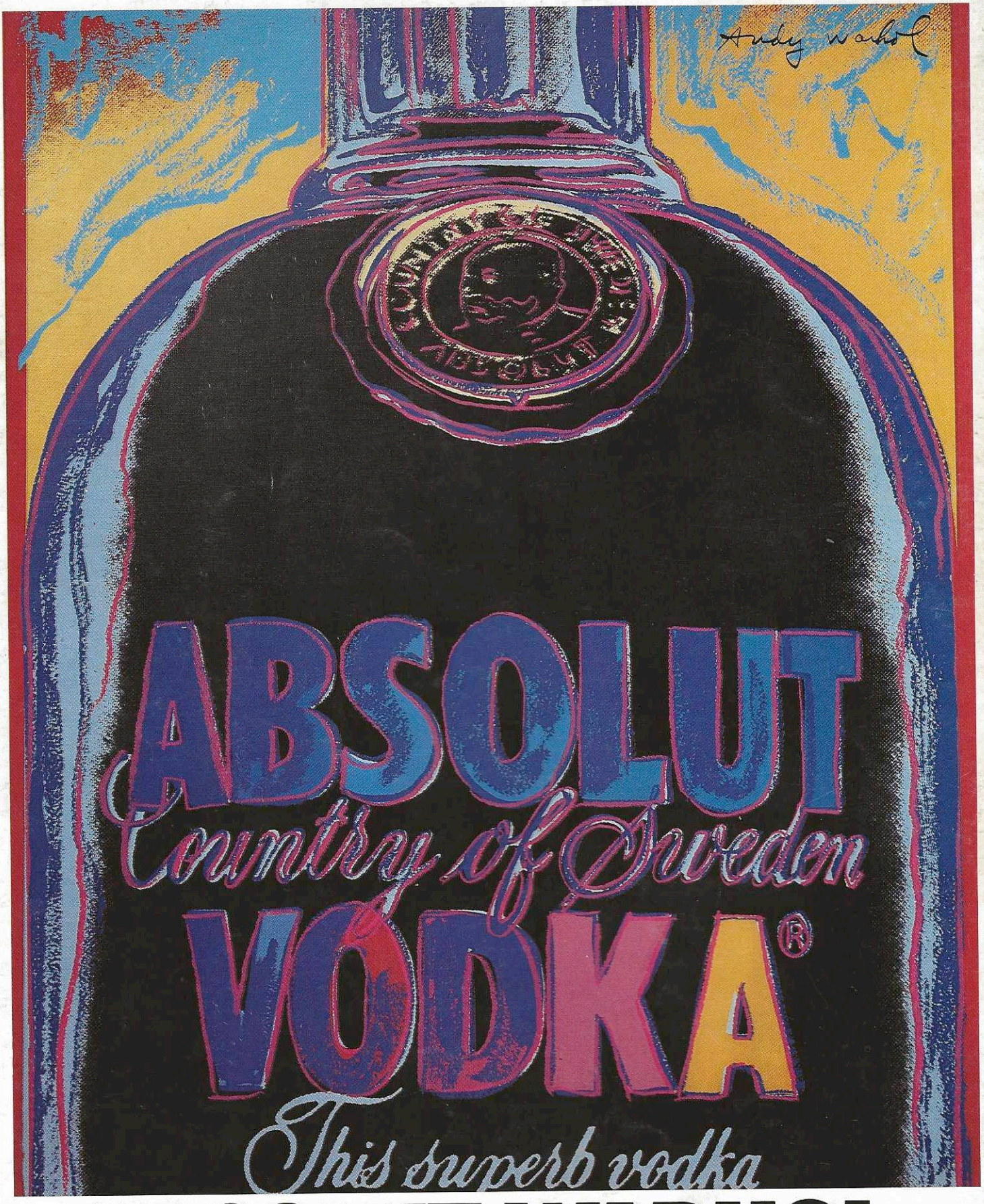

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